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The Young Man's Opportunity in the New Business Order

By H. H. Vreeland

The Society Man of Fifty Years Ago

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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Mr. Herbert H. Vreeland

The Young Man's Opportunity in the New Business Order

By **Herbert H. Vreeland**

President of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, of New York

BUSINESS methods in every walk of life have changed enormously during the last ten years. In no branch of industry, however, has there been such a miraculous change as in the street railway business. A few years ago, a man working for a street railway, whether he labored at the top or at the bottom, had a nondescript occupation. He was not much of anything. He had no special knowledge. He had neither a trade nor a profession. The president was invariably the chief owner of the line, but there was nothing he was called on to do that could not be done by any man with a fair knowledge of business. Of the superintendent it was chiefly required that he should know how to feed horses to the best advantage, and how to handle a small number of men. There is not a section-boss to-day who could not have been worked up into a fairly good superintendent. The stable foreman was simply a boss hostler. The driver was any man who could handle reins over a pair of middle-class horses or run-down mules. The conductor had no standing whatever—anybody could fill that position. In the car-barns were a lot of men, of whom nothing was expected, except that they should be able to lift an oil-can, and pack the axle-bearings with greased rags.

Now, everybody connected with street railroading has a distinct profession, or a clean-cut trade. Instead of being one of the most dreary and hopeless and unsatisfactory and unambitious pursuits in life, as it was under the old order of things, street railroading offers a career as brilliant as any to be found in the world. Young men who have their way to make, and who have in them the right stuff, can start in at the bottom and win for themselves a place that is both honorable and lucrative. No calling to-day pays better in either its higher or its lower ranks. Even the switchman on our electric roads, the man who stands with an iron bar at the junctions and cross-rails, has arisen to the dignity of following a calling that is classed as a trade, and is paid accordingly. In the old horse-car days, the switchman's work was almost invariably performed by boys, who made fifty cents a day. To-day our switchmen get two dollars a day.

Wages Raised by Industrial Consolidations

It is much the fashion, nowadays, to decry consolidations of capital and enterprise. These consolidations, it is freely alleged, destroy competition, oppress the citizen, reduce the number of workmen, and deprive the young man of a legitimate opportunity of rising in the world. I know of nothing that shows up the absurdity of these claims so thoroughly as does the street railway business. In every city of any size, we now have the very highest type of consolidation exemplified in this industry. Under the new system it has been found imperative to merge many roads into one, in order that the best results may be obtained; and what has been the effect? Let us take New York as a fair example—and it is only a fair example, for what has been done here has been done on a greater or lesser scale in every city in America.

I shall leave out of consideration the improved service to the public and the other questions that affect the general citizen, and deal only with those questions that affect the employees and the chances of success for young men.

Instead of reducing the number of employees, the street railway consolidation has had exactly the contrary effect, and on a scale that will amaze the outsider. The Metropolitan Street Railway system embraces what were formerly eighteen distinct roads, all under separate management, yet our pay-roll to-day is five times as large as was the combined pay-roll of these eighteen properties that we took over; that is, we employ five times as many men as were employed in street railroading in New York ten years ago.

One of our lines—the Fourth Avenue—will serve as an illustration of the changed condition that has come over the whole. On that line, under the horse-car system, there were formerly run 120 cars a day. At present we run 265 cars, and this in spite of the fact that the cars are run more than twice as rapidly as they were with horses. The average rate of wages in the lower ranks ran from fifty cents a day to the switchman, up to $1.75 for drivers. To-day, as I have already stated, the switchman gets two dollars, and the motorman gets $2.25. The gross earnings of this road in horse-cars were $750,000 a year. The gross earnings under electricity last year were $2,300,000. The skilled electrician has supplanted the hostler; the skilled mechanic the barn laborer. The superintendent is a high-grade, highly paid, professional man. He has under him assistants who, both in pay and standing, far outrank the superintendent of old days.

This is what consolidation has done. It has made possible such development in this single line; and under the system as a whole even more wonderful things have taken place.

The only people who were displaced were the eighteen presidents, whose power I now represent. Surely, consolidation has done no harm there, for these eighteen men were capitalists who could well afford to retire, and who in wider spheres have done much more good in the world than they could possibly have accomplished in the narrow, circumscribed position of head of a horse-car line.

There have grown up great and important departments that were formerly as unknown and as undreamed of as they were unnecessary. There is a Maintenance of Way Department that looks after the roadbeds. There is a Maintenance of Equipment Department. There are Engineering and Motive Power Departments, a Financial and Accounting Department, and others. At the head of these departments are expert and high-priced men. They have under them expert and high-priced assistants. In all these departments there is constantly a sharp lookout for bright and capable young men. Such young men, when found, are greedily snapped up, and given every opportunity to get to the top. The result is that there has been attracted to the street railway business a class of brains of the highest order. The demand for good men is still very much greater than the supply, and the boy who goes in at the bottom, attends strictly to business, and puts his whole heart and soul in what he has to do, is absolutely certain to make his way.

The whole scheme has been uplifted. Instead of harm having come from the killing off of competition, great good has resulted to everybody. There is a sound principle in the new order of business. We know that improved service creates new traffic. The better the service, the greater the number of people who avail themselves of street cars. This is exemplified in the enormous increase of earnings, and bears fruit in the creation of thousands of new places for the workingman. Any other policy than that of giving the best possible service is stupid, and will not be tolerated by the capitalists who provide the means to carry out the new plan. They are all shrewd business men and will work along the lines that give them the best returns for their investment.

The harm that is done to the young people of the community by dinning constantly into their ears the alleged fact that under the new conditions of consolidation they have not the opportunities that their fathers had is incalculable. Fortunately, many young men do their own thinking here in America, and these young men will refuse to be misled. They will profit accordingly. The new order offers opportunities that were unknown in the old. Formerly railroads, whether they were steam roads, or street roads, were handed down from father to son, very much as though they had been butcher shops or corner groceries. The founder of the family would accumulate a fortune, put all his money or the bulk of it in one road, and administer its affairs as president. The good places under him went to his sons and the other members of his family. When the old man died the eldest son would step into his shoes, and so the process went on.

Men from the Ranks at the Top

Now it is the man from the ranks, the man who has gained his knowledge through hard experience, and through active participation in the work of the road, who is put into the presidency. Subordinate positions are similarly filled. The stock is owned, not by one man, nor even by one family, but by half a dozen or a dozen men, or a dozen families. The stockholders will not tolerate nepotism. The son of the stockholder, instead of being benefited by the fact that his father owns a share in the capital, is handicapped by this fact, so far as it creates for him an opportunity to get into an important place. If the son of a rich father gets into such a place, his success is not due to his wealth, but is won in spite of it. He must demonstrate very clearly to the other owners of the property that he is the right man for the right place, and they will scrutinize his abilities much more closely, and exact of him much more pronounced results, than they will of a man who has worked his way from the bottom, and who has nothing except his brains and his demonstrated willingness to work.

The capitalist is content, under the new scheme, to act in an advisory capacity, and his sons, when they inherit his wealth, of necessity fall into a similar place. The executive work is left to the experienced man who has manifested his fitness for his position and who, having worked all his life on a salary, has little or no money. Thus the consolidation of capital, instead of restricting the opportunity of the young man, really creates the opportunity on a scale that heretofore has never existed.

A glance at the great interests of the country proves this conclusively. In the so-called Vanderbilt roads, is there a single Vanderbilt in an executive or controlling position? Not one. The President of the New York Central is a man who was formerly a freight clerk. The President of the great Huntington road, the Southern Pacific, was formerly a clerk in a railroad office. And so it is in every other pursuit or industry where capital has been combined. Family influence and pull count for nothing. The President of the Carnegie Steel Company is a young man who began, a few years ago, as a laborer. The President of the New York Life Insurance Company was not so very long ago a clerk. The highest-salaried bank president in America started in as a messenger boy. Can any one ask fairer conditions than these?

A College Education Not a Help

No man can get too much education. Especially no man can get too much technical education; but the absence of an educational equipment at the start is no barrier to success. The Carnegies and the Fricks and the Schwabs, and the others, prove this very conclusively. As matters stand, it is a question whether a college education helps at all in business, or in the pursuit of industrial enterprises where a technical knowledge is required. Mr. Schwab was at twenty-three the chief engineer in charge of the construction of the Homestead Steel Works—the largest plant of the kind on earth. At its completion he was its chief director and manager, yet he never spent a day in college in his life. The knowledge that was necessary to enable him to fill these positions he picked up during and after working hours.

It is a very simple proposition. The boy who starts in at fifteen or sixteen with a common-school education is content to accept a nominal wage. He is worth nothing to us practically at the outset, and he understands this if he is the right kind of a boy. We start him in at $3.50. If he applies himself, and takes advantage of the opportunities for advancement that constantly offer, he will, at the end of six or seven years, be worth a good deal to us. He will be an important cog in the wheel, and will be earning a very good salary.

About that time the college man comes along at the same age. He starts in at once with the assumption that he must capitalize his education. He has spent five or six years in accumulating a large store of knowledge, and puts that in as a distinct asset when he offers his services. He comes to me for a position, and, equipped as he is, he is worth about five dollars a week. Nine times out of ten he turns up his nose at what he considers an absurd proposition, and goes his way. He will hunt around until finally he comes across a man who, having only one or two employees, has work of a character that enables him to take advantage of the peculiar mental equipment possessed by the college graduate; therefore, he is in a position to offer him a much better salary than the Metropolitan Street Railway could. This tempts the young man to accept service with this class of employer. He ties his whole future and fortune to one man. If anything happens to this man, the college graduate at the end of five or six or eight years is no better off than he was at the beginning. It is for this reason that so few college graduates are to be found in the upper places in the service of great corporations.

Social Relaxations a Handicap

Then, too, the college graduate has other handicaps. He has social ties and connections. He is a member of a college society, and when that college society has an affair on hand, he wants to attend it. He is interested in the college football team, and in the college eight. He asks a day or two days off to attend a football match or a rowing contest. He may have become quite an important cog in the big machinery, and his dropping out may mean serious disorganization, but nevertheless he wants to get off at any cost. It was not so long ago that one of the most promising young men I have ever known threw up his position with the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, after a service of three years, rather than miss a rowing contest between his college eight and the eight of another institution. When he went to the chief of his department for leave of absence, it was pointed out to him that it was impossible to grant such a leave. He insisted, and appealed to me. I reasoned with him because I took an unusual interest in him, but it was useless and we had to let him go.

The desire for social relaxation at the formative period in a young man's business life has done more to keep bright men back than almost any other cause that I know of. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is one of the numerous old saws that have brought untold mischief, and that are founded entirely on fiction. Work, even unremitting, continuous work, never yet harmed any young man, or if it did, the exceptions are so few that they don't count.

Why is it that ninety-five per cent. of the men who achieve the great successes in our city are country boys—young chaps fresh from the farm or the little country town? It is because they have no opportunity for social relaxation when they get to the big city. They have no social ties. Nobody knows them, and they know nobody. Nobody cares for them. They strike the big town, get a job somewhere at any figure, and settle down to solitary life in a boarding house. Their income will warrant only the renting of a small, cheerless room, generally a hall-room without any fire and precious little light. Existence in this sort of a room is not very rosy, and the young fellow is only too glad to spend his evenings in the well-warmed, well-lighted office, if he is employed in an office, or in the library, lecture or reading room if he is employed in a shop that closes down at six. So he puts every spare moment that he has into work. After a

while there grows out of this necessity a habit, and when better times come and he can afford a brighter and cheerier room, the habit of work is so thoroughly formed in him that he perseveres in it, after the immediate necessity is past. He has formed no taste for parties that keep him out until two or three or four o'clock in the morning, and which unfit him for business next day. If he goes to the theatre now and then, his life has been formed on such regular lines that he goes to bed immediately after, and gets a good night's rest. He has formed no connections that take him out to late suppers afterward, and keep him out until all hours.

The city boy, on the other hand, going into business, continues his close relations with the people with whom he has grown up. He knows all the boys and girls in his neighborhood, and joins in their entertainments after his working hours. His spare time, instead of being given up to work or study, is given up to social distractions.

That is why such an unusually large percentage of country boys succeed, in competition with the city boy, in getting to the top. The outdoor life they have led has given them a good frame to work on, and the lack of opportunity for keeping late hours preserves the full strength of this frame. With such conditions the city boy can rarely compete.

The Harm that Doting Mothers Do

Another thing that in some cases helps the country boy is his freedom from home influences and home conditions. He gets away from his mother's apron strings, and is denied the benefit of her motherly pride and solicitude. I made this statement recently in an assemblage where there were a considerable number of women, and it was met with a gasp of indignation. It is true, in some cases, nevertheless.

Almost every mother thinks her boy the brightest and the best and the most deserving boy to be seen anywhere. This is as natural as the instinct of maternal love. If any mistakes are made she thinks the fault is not her boy's but that of his associates and of his employer. This disposition of motherhood, altogether charming in the abstract, is sometimes injurious in the concrete.

I heard a story, not long ago, of an Irish lad and his mother. The son had joined the army, and, as his regiment was ordered to the front, she went to the city to see him off. When she came back she was full of the glory of her first-born.

"Did the soldiers look fine as they marched away?" she was asked by one of her gossips.

"They did. They looked grand, and my Jimmie was the finest of the lot. You ought to have seen him. The whole street was filled with people that admired him that much, because all the soldiers were out of step but himself."

That is the mother's natural view of it.

We had a soldier in our office not long ago who furnished an example of the harmfulness of a mother's pride and devotion when it is of a mistaken character. He was a bright-faced, promising little chap, who did his work well and thoroughly. He attracted the attention of every one in the office by his alertness and the great interest he took in his tasks. One day he disappeared. No word came from him until he came to get the envelope that contained his pay for the two days that he had worked during the week. The head of the department, who had taken a decided fancy to him, asked him what was the matter. It then came out that, on the day before his disappearance, the boy had been put to cleaning out inkstands. Naturally, he stained his fingers. When he got home his mother noticed the stains, and asked where they came from. He explained, and the good woman at once gave orders that he should not be humiliated again by being forced to work in an office where his superiors had so little consideration for his worth as to put him to the humiliating task of cleaning out inkstands.

In my own career, there was a time when a mother's advice might have proved my undoing. I came to the city and fell upon hard times. I could get nothing to do except the most severe manual labor. My hands were blistered and my back was almost broken. Month after month and year after year this went on. My job was shoveling gravel on the night gravel train. I was fearfully discouraged and almost ready to give up. Had my mother given me the least encouragement to throw up my job and go back home I should have done so. Fortunately, she was an exceptional woman. She was more concerned in the kind of life that I led after working hours, and what my surroundings were in the place I called home, than she was in the class of work I was doing. Thanks to the knowledge that she had that hard work hurts nobody, I kept on. When I see how many young fellows are encouraged at home in the belief that they are being overworked, I can realize better than I ever did before how fortunate I was in my mother.

The Value of Independence in Judgment

Fathers are sometimes as great a menace to the boy as mothers, and so are uncles and other worldly-wise relatives and friends. When the time comes for the boy to strike out into the world and do something, he naturally turns to elderly men about him for advice. He is perhaps told: "Do not go into my business."

Why? Because the man who tells him this has been a failure in his business. If a young man came to me and said that he wanted to go into the street railway business; that he felt that he liked it, and that he thought it would give him an opportunity to rise in the world, do you think I should tell him not to? If he went to Mr. Schwab and said he wanted to go into the steel business, do you suppose Mr. Schwab would tell him to avoid the steel business as he would the pestilence, as there is nothing in it? I think the street railway business is the greatest business in the world. The fellow who has tried it and has failed because he was too lazy, or mentally or physically inferior, thinks that it is a mighty poor kind of a job, and that if he had only tackled something else he would have done very much better; he feels certain that he would have made a first-class banker, or the finest stock-broker on the Exchange, or anything else that he might have gone into except the business that he very foolishly selected.

Do not seek advice too frequently, young man, and do not follow it slavishly. Make up your mind for yourself and strike out along the lines that you feel you are fitted for. Do the best that is in you. Be honest. Do not watch the clock for quitting time. Do a little more work than is expected of you. Keep your eyes open. Take advantage of your opportunities. Study. Learn everything you can. Read all the literature you can find bearing on the pursuit that you mean to follow. And you will succeed. You may not get to the very top, but if you do not it is because you have been unfortunately denied some mental or physical attribute that is essential to a place at the top. But follow this course; concentrate and you will succeed.

That is my advice to the young man who wants to win.

Pumpkin:

The Story of a French Dragoon

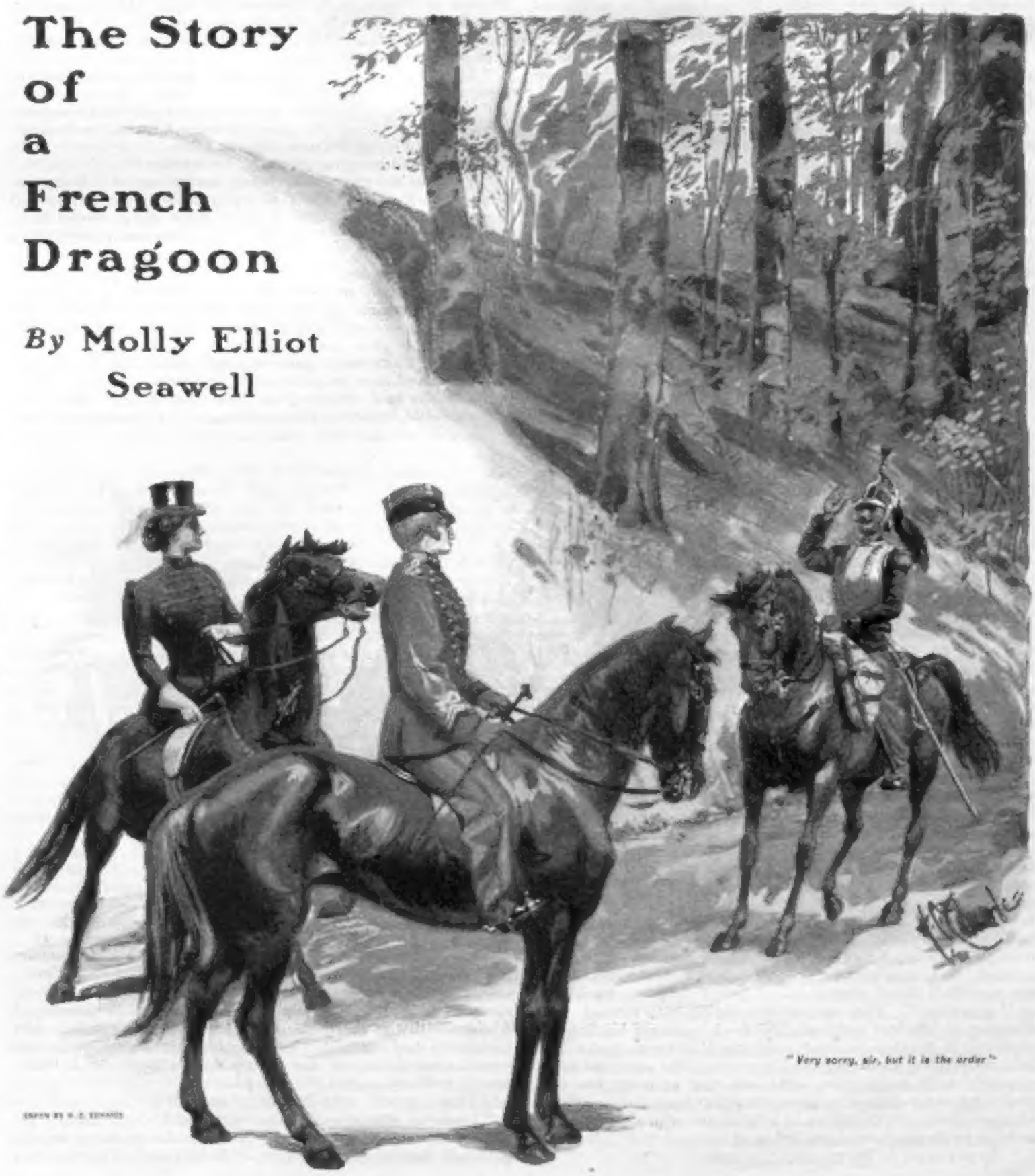
By Molly Elliot Seawell

SERGEANT FLEUROT, a tall, thin, wiry, fiery man from Gascony, heaved a heavy sigh as he kicked the tan-bark in the riding-school, and mournfully surveyed the group of recruits who were to take their first lesson in *voltige*, or circus-riding. There were fifty of them, and the sergeant, running his eye over them, had no difficulty in sorting them out, so to speak, according to their different degrees of incapacity. About half were clerks, waiters and artisans' apprentices, town-bred, and certain never to get over their fear and respect for horses. The other half were porters and laborers, and the like, who could be taught to stick on a horse's back, but who would never acquire any style in riding—and, worst of all, the whole batch was from Paris. Recruits from Paris are always notoriously hard to break in, and the lower the social stratum, the harder the breaking in.

These fellows, some of them of the lowest class the streets of Paris could furnish, called all the other French people "hayseeds," and religiously believed that no one outside of Paris could teach them anything. Many of them were of that weather-beaten, ill-nourished, ratlike species, which all great cities produce, whose homes, by night as well as day, are the streets, and whose enemy is the policeman. Three of this last kind were huddled together. As Sergeant Fleurot's practiced eye glanced over two of them—Pelot and Bonchard—he wondered how they had escaped being drafted in the *disciplinaires*, and sent to Algiers, and he concluded they would certainly end in getting there. The third one was a good-natured looking, but apparently stupid young fellow, whom the old troopers had promptly named Pumpkin, because, as they alleged, "hayseed" was not countrified enough for him. Pumpkin, it must be understood, claimed to be the pure product of the Paris streets, and not to know a pumpkin when he saw it. All his assumptions of knowingness vanished, however, in the company of horses, and his fear and dread of them had kept the troopers in a roar of laughter ever since he had joined. His awkwardness in the simple riding lesson of the day before showed what a hand he would make of it in the more difficult *voltige*, and his companions had hustled him to the first place in the line, so they could see the fun.

Just then Sublieutenant Dufour walked into the riding-hall. He was a pleasant-faced, jolly little chap, who knew every man and horse in the regiment, who was always present at the riding-drill, whether it was his turn or not, and who dreamed dreams in which he saw himself as another Murat or Kellermann, leading vast masses of heavy cavalry to overwhelm infantry—for he held to the French idea that men on horses can ride over men on foot. His dog, a smart-looking little fox terrier, not unlike his master, was at his heels. This dog, by name Powder, always barked at a *pékin*—even if it were the President of the Republic—a *pékin* being a man not in the French Army. Now, this little pink and white Lieutenant, with his tiny waxed mustache and narrow, high-heeled boots, was a great favorite with the old martinet of a Sergeant—as he was, indeed, with all the non-coms and troopers, and that, too, because he was of the material of which the best men are made.

Sergeant Fleurot looked gloomily at the Lieutenant, as he came up and ran his eye over the recruits.



"Very sorry, sir, but it is the order"

"Pretty bad lot, eh, Sergeant?"

"Dreadful, sir. It would have broken your heart to have seen them in the riding-school yesterday. Not one of them has any more notion of riding than a bale of hay has."

"Ah! Well, you can lick them into shape if anybody can."

The specially trained horse on which greenhorns learned was then brought in. He was an intelligent-looking old charger, and when he stood stock-still, with a trooper holding up his fore leg, his small, bright eye traveled over the recruits. Then, suddenly dropping his head, he gave forth a long, low whinny of disgust, which was almost human in its significance.

"Old Caporal even laughs at them!" cried the sergeant. "Now, come here, you bandy-legged son of a sailor, and get on that horse's back, and do it with a single spring."

This was addressed to Pumpkin, who lurched forward so clumsily that it was seen there was little hope for him.

The waiting greenhorns watched with a sickly grin his timid and awkward preparations to spring on Caporal's back. He moved back at least ten yards, and, lunging forward with the energy of despair, succeeded in landing on the horse's tail, from which he slid to the ground, and lay groaning as he rubbed his shins. A shout of laughter, in which every man joined except the sergeant, followed this. Even Powder, the Lieutenant's dog, gave two short, sharp yaps of amusement. The sergeant, though, was in no laughing mood.

"Now, then," he cried, "are you going to keep us here all day? Get up and try again—and this time, be sure and land between the horse's ears."

Thus adjured, poor Pumpkin, still rubbing his shins, got up, and going still farther off, made another clumsy rush. This time, by scrambling with both hands and feet, he managed to get on Caporal's back, and then, working forward, he perched himself almost astride the horse's neck, and said with a foolish grin:

"I can't get any farther forward, sir."

"Get off," roared the sergeant.

Pumpkin worked backward as he had worked forward, and slid down behind. Old Caporal, at this, made a disdainful motion with his hind leg, and Pumpkin, with a scream, bolted off, yelling: "Take care! take care! he's beginning to kick!"

As the young fellow shambled past the Lieutenant, Dufour looked at him sharply. He looked like a village lad Dufour had known—but no—André Thomard was a bright-faced boy, while this fellow had a stupid, good-natured face, which his lately cropped hair revealed fully.

The recruits, though, had something else to think of in their own efforts to vault on Caporal's back. Some of them were awkward enough, but all did better than poor Pumpkin. Then came the mounting and dismounting while the horse was galloping around in a circle, the sergeant standing in the middle with a long whip to keep him going. Pumpkin was also the first man to attempt this. He ran around the circle twice before he could screw up enough courage to try to mount, and could not then until the sergeant's long whip had tickled his legs sharply. In vain he clutched at the horse's mane, and made ineffectual struggles. Once he fell under Caporal's feet, and only by the horse's intelligence escaped being trodden upon.

"If the horse were as great a fool as you are—well——"

Crack! went the sergeant's whip as Pumpkin got on his legs. Timidity and stupidity have to be got out of any man who has to serve in a dragoon regiment, and the sergeant proceeded to take it out of Pumpkin.

"Look here, my man," he said. "You have got to learn to do that trick now and here—do you understand?"

"But, Sergeant," moaned Pumpkin, "I am afraid of the horse, I swear I am——"

The sergeant's reply to this was to run toward Pumpkin with uplifted whip. Old Caporal, supposing the whip meant for him, suddenly broke into a furious gallop. Pumpkin darted toward him, alighted like a bird with both feet on the horse's back, stuck his right leg out as Caporal sped around the circle, changed to his left, turned a somersault, stood on his head on the horse's back for a whole minute, and then, with a "Houp-la!" flung himself backward to the ground, and, approaching the sergeant, stood calmly at "attention." The roof of the riding-hall echoed with thunders of laughter and applause, the Lieutenant leading off, capering in his delight, and pinching Powder to make him join his yelping to the general uproar. The sergeant stood grinning with satisfaction. He was one of those few and choice human beings who want the right thing done, and are comparatively indifferent as to what share of praise or blame accrues to themselves in the doing of it.

"So you were in the circus?" he asked.

"Yes, Sergeant—ever since my twelfth year."

A light was breaking on Lieutenant Dufour's mind. Pumpkin had thrown off his stupid expression like a mask, and stood up alert, cool, with a glint of a smile in his eye. Yes, it was the widow Thomard's André. He had run away just about the age Pumpkin said he had joined the circus. For a while the widow had got occasional news of the boy, generally accompanied with small sums of money. For four years past nothing had been heard from him—but this was he, sure.

The Lieutenant, passing close to Pumpkin, who took his honors modestly, said:

"Thomard, come to my quarters after drill. I am Lieutenant Dufour."

Pumpkin started and looked frightened. His expression was not put on that time, but was quite natural.

Dufour then went away.

He had known the Widow Thomard and her little shop ever since he had known anything. Whenever he went back to his native town he always called to see the widow. The last time, only a year ago, he had found her in great trouble. She had spent all her little savings in trying to find what had become of her runaway boy, and she was about to be turned out of her shop because she could not produce three hundred francs for two years' rent overdue. The Lieutenant had listened sympathetically, and spent the next two days in trying to persuade himself not to hand over to the Widow Thomard three hundred francs which he happened to have. It was a considerable sum of money to him; he had saved it up for a little lark in Paris. At the end of the second day he had walked into the shop and laid the money down on the counter. Madame Thomard, who was much bigger and stouter than he was, caught him in an embrace which squeezed the breath out of his body and nearly cracked a couple of his ribs. He was repaid thereafter, for the squeeze as well as the money, by the letters he got at intervals from the widow—they were so full of gratitude and quaint spelling, and matters very serious to the Widow Thomard, but very amusing to the world at large. Two hours after the scene in the riding-hall Pumpkin was facing the Lieutenant in his quarters.

"I didn't quite recognize you at first," said Dufour. "I never saw you without a mop of black hair over your eyes before. Your own mother would hardly know you." He might also have said that he never saw Pumpkin so well dressed as he was in his dragoon uniform. He was, in fact, a perfect model of light and sinewy grace.

He stood now, perfectly straight and motionless, but his eyes were anxious and restless.

"Lieutenant, I do not even know whether my mother is alive or not."

"A nice son! You must have been in pretty bad company not to have written to the poor old woman these four years."

By which Pumpkin knew she was alive.

"Is she still keeping the shop, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, but she came near being turned out of it last year. She spent all she had saved in trying to find you. She owed three hundred francs, and I don't know what would have become of her if she had not found some one to lend it to her."

"It was you, Lieutenant?"

Dufour made no reply to this, but continued:

"The only thing for you to do is to write to her this very day. I suppose you have no money, so you can't send her anything."

At this Pumpkin's face worked painfully for a few moments, and then he fairly burst into tears.

"Sir," he said, stepping up close to Dufour, "I will tell you all—but I risk my life by doing so. I *have* been in bad company—if it were known how bad I should be serving in Algiers with the *disciplinaires* instead of being here. And for all my bad conduct, I scarcely had, during all those four years, enough to eat for a week at a time, or a franc, scarcely, in my pocket."

"That's good," said Dufour; "go on!"

"I was, as you saw, a trick rider, and I could always get employment when I wanted it. But you know, sir, a man in my trade has to be very sober, or he'll lose his life the first time he tries his tricks in public—and the managers know that, and see that we are sober. So, on the whole, I did not work very steadily. I was sick of the life, but I did not know how to get out of it. You gentlemen do not know how hard it is for a common man to get away from his associations. You see, sir, it looks like deserting one's partners; and besides, there's a risk in leaving them—I mean such partners as I had. I was glad, therefore, when I was drawn in the conscription, but what was my distress to find that two men—the two I most wanted to get rid of—were drafted at the same time, and actually in the same troop that I am!"

"And you are afraid of them?" said Dufour, at which Pumpkin nodded his head, looking about him fearfully.

"Very well. For the present behave yourself, and write to your mother, and we shall see how things turn out."

"And, sir, you may think me a bad lot, and perhaps I am, though not quite so bad as you think me"—poor Pumpkin had the wish, common to all classes of humanity, to appear better than he was—"but if you suppose I can forget a kindness, like yours to my old mother—for I know it was you, sir, who lent her the money—you do me wrong. I'll write to my mother this very day, and I'll behave myself so well that you'll not be ashamed of me."

Pumpkin walked out of the Lieutenant's room feeling a good deal bigger and stronger and taller than when he went in; for such is the effect of good resolutions upon the mind of man.

It did not take Dufour long to find the couple of desperadoes of whom Pumpkin was in such mortal dread. They were Pelot and Bonchard. The Lieutenant noted a very common psychologic fact in regard to Pumpkin. He was a daredevil on horseback, and as nearly devoid of physical fear as any man he had ever seen, but he was in abject terror of these two villains. It was plain to the Lieutenant that Pelot and Bonchard forced him, by reason of the strange ascendency they had over him, to do things he loathed to do, and often merely for the pleasure they took in his company during their punishments.

Dufour talked to Pumpkin sharply about this. The only satisfaction he got was Pumpkin's faltering admission: "You don't know, sir, what a hold a fellow's pals—I mean the bad ones—have over him. These two, Pelot and Bonchard, would as soon murder me as kill a grasshopper."

Nevertheless, Pumpkin made a good trooper. Even Sergeant Fleurot, the strictest sergeant in the French army, said that.

It was in the autumn that all this happened. As the winter came on Lieutenant Dufour found a great deal to take up his time. In addition to his military duties, which he performed with the same zeal with which a lover attends his mistress, there was the Colonel's daughter.

One day, in the spring, when the troopers were engaged in firing practice, Pumpkin was detailed to patrol a certain space around their butts to keep persons at a safe distance—a thing difficult to do. While he was galloping briskly through the open glades of the forest after an old woman who persisted in risking her life to pick up a few faggots, he almost rode over Lieutenant Dufour and Mademoiselle Chénier. The Lieutenant had his hand on the pommel of Léontine's saddle, and was looking into her eyes with an expression which spells the same thing in all languages. The groom who attended Mademoiselle had lagged behind, and was not even in sight.

One glimpse of the Lieutenant and the Colonel's daughter showed Pumpkin that he was not to see anything at all. He did not even see the Lieutenant in his eagerness to catch the unlucky old woman, and bawled at her so loud that he could easily be located by anybody within half a mile. When he rode back the Lieutenant and the Colonel's daughter were walking their horses along some distance apart, and looking quite innocent, except for a deep blush on Léontine's fair face. Pumpkin saw them then, without the slightest difficulty, and saluted: "Pardon, sir," he said, "but my orders are to let no one pass along this road while the firing is going on. It will be over, however, in three-quarters of an hour."

"Mademoiselle's groom is on the other side of the road," said the Lieutenant.

"Pardon, sir, but he can't come across for three-quarters of an hour. Very sorry, sir, but it is the order."

Something like a wink passed between the officer and the trooper. Certain it is that for three-quarters of an hour Lieutenant Dufour and Léontine Chénier could not get out of the forest, and Pumpkin, in galloping to and fro, kept up such a hallooing and shouting that it was easy enough to tell where he was at any moment. When, an hour or two after, Dufour rode into the barrack-yard, he tossed a five-franc piece on the ground, and Pumpkin grinned intelligently as he pocketed it. The fact is, Pumpkin had some experience of his own in the same way, and the Lieutenant had a chance of returning the favor.

The autumn manœuvres took the regiment to Gascony, where Sergeant Fleurot had a family living, and Pumpkin, meeting Marie Fleurot one Sunday evening, when there was dancing in the public square of the little headquarters town, fell violently in love with her. Now, the sergeant, a steady old fellow, had no mind to let his little Marie become the wife of an ordinary trooper, for Marie was apprentice to a milliner, and as such might look higher. But Pumpkin pleaded so hard, and he was such a good fellow, and swore that, as soon as his service was up, he meant to get a place in a riding-school, for which he was perfectly fitted, that the sergeant was obliged to give in.

One Saturday night, when the dancing was going on gayly under the trees in the village square, Lieutenant Dufour passed along. It was already after ten o'clock, and there was Pumpkin whirling around in a waltz with Marie, the colored lights shining brightly over the dancing, laughing, noisy crowd, and the village band crashing away merrily. Dufour, watching his chance until the couple came near him,

"We — that is, Pelot and I — have determined that Lieutenant Dufour must die"

suddenly walked into the circle of dancers, and, holding up his watch to the light, called out loud enough to be heard above the music:

"Twenty minutes past ten! I shall miss my train, sure."

And then he purposely stumbled up against Pumpkin and Marie, nearly knocking them both down. He apologized profusely to Marie, and kept his back to Pumpkin, who, making a sign to Marie, fled as fast as his legs could carry him. No fear but a fellow as clever as Pumpkin could get into barracks without being caught.

Marie trembled and smiled, and accepted a glass of lemonade from the Lieutenant. Next day Pumpkin managed to get private speech with Dufour.

"Thank you a thousand times, sir," he said; "I have not got an hour's punishment since I asked the sergeant for his daughter; and though it's a little thing, being a trifle late, it would have done me harm with the sergeant—he's terribly strict—but I saved myself that time."

"My good fellow, I don't know what you are talking about," replied Dufour, laughing, "but I know one good turn deserves another."

The Lieutenant had kept his eye on Pelot and Bonchard, and although he felt perfectly sure they managed to practice much villainy without being found out, he contrived to catch them red-handed in what was no more nor less than highway robbery, with a possibility of murdering their victim—a fellow-soldier. He had them up for trial before a regimental court martial, but although there could be no moral doubt of their guilt, there was some confusion in their identification, and they were simply sentenced to thirty days' confinement in the police cells. That month was the happiest in Pumpkin's whole life. Not only was Marie kind to him, but the sergeant, grim old martinet that he was, had concluded that Pumpkin was steady enough for a son-in-law.

On the very evening of the day that the two scoundrels were released from the regimental prison Pumpkin met them walking along the streets of the little town. It was September then, and the night had closed in wet and stormy.

As Pumpkin passed a shadowy archway Pelot and Bonchard stepped out and laid hold of him.

"Come," said Pelot; "we have an hour yet—long enough to play a game of cards. We haven't seen as much of you of late, Pumpkin, as we would wish—we have been in a state of retirement—ha, ha!"

Bonchard caught him by the arm. "A game of cards, as Pelot says. And you'll pay for it, like a good fellow."

Poor Pumpkin yearned to get away, but Pelot said:

"Come, now; you are not the sort to leave your old friends in the lurch. We have no money. No doubt you have a five-franc piece about you."

That was touching Pumpkin's weak spot—of course he could not leave a couple of poor fellows in the lurch—and he had five francs about him. So in a little while the three were seated in an upstairs room of a restaurant frequented by soldiers, and by the light of two tallow candles Pelot was dealing the cards.

There was something unpleasant in Pelot's scowl and Bonchard's grin as they sat at the table.

"I don't see what we are playing for," said Pumpkin. "You fellows say you have no money."

"But we shall play for a stake all the same, my friend," replied Bonchard coolly. "We—that is, Pelot and I—have determined that Lieutenant Dufour must die. Either one of us is ready to do it, but we thought we would give you a chance, too. So the loser in this little game has to do the job between now and the new year."

Pumpkin drew back from the table, his heart pounding against his ribs, his face a greenish gray. He did not for a moment doubt the sincerity of his two former friends.

"And," put in Pelot, "if the lot falls to you, and you fail to do it, we promise you that your life is forfeit, too. Both of you will go into the next world, instead of one."

Pelot was dealing the cards as he said this.

Pumpkin knew better than to make a row then—there were two to one against him, in a place where brawls and riots were every-day affairs. He picked up his greasy cards mechanically, and sorted them out. He had no time to think—only that his life was in the hands of these two rogues, for he would never kill Dufour.

Luck befriended him—his cards were so good that he felt a sudden hope. He might escape the lot, and he could warn Dufour against Pelot and Bonchard. But in a little while he saw that, so far as the game went, it was no game at all. He had simply been enticed into the place, and the cards were the means devised by his two friends to inform him of their requirements. In less than half an hour Pelot and Bonchard, laughing, tilted their chairs back against the wall.

"My fine fellow, it has fallen to you. Now, we will do all we can to help you, but we won't excuse you from the work. We will give you a month to do the job according to your own plan. After that we will give you our advice for another month. Then you will have to take your chances until Christmas. And after that——"

Pumpkin stood up, the sweat rolling down his face. The thought of the next three months, and those two scoundrels watching and waiting—it was enough to madden a stronger brain than poor Pumpkin's.

That night, as he lay in his narrow, hard bed in the great barrack-room, where a hundred troopers slept, the horror of it all came over him in a surging wave of misery. He lay awake, and occasionally a faint groan escaped him, at which the corporal in charge swore sleepily at him. Next Pumpkin's cot was that of Bonchard, who slept as peacefully as a baby all the night through.

Next morning the squadron started on a practice march.

Never had Pumpkin felt ill before in his life, but his mental agony took all the strength out of him; he could scarcely sit his horse. The day became warm, although it was late in September, and the heat affected many men. It did not affect Pumpkin in the least—he would not have known whether it were burning hot or freezing cold. But the sergeant, noticing his pallor and weakness, thought him overcome by the heat, and gave him permission to fall out of ranks and rest a while by the roadside.

Pumpkin got off his horse and sat down under a hedge.

While he sat there, his horse peacefully cropping the grass by the roadside, he heard a clatter of hoofs in the distance, and the noonday sun caught the glitter of a burnished helmet and a horse-hair plume. The next minute Lieutenant Dufour galloped up and dismounted.

"Why, my man," he said, "you look fagged out. Take a pull from this flask." And he handed out his own flask of brandy.

Pumpkin took a long pull at it, and when he handed it back he remembered hearing that condemned men on their way to the guillotine, or to be shot, are always given a glass of brandy—and he knew exactly the kind of courage it infused into them. Before he got the brandy he never could have told the Lieutenant—but now he poured out the story.

"I will tell you, sir, what ails me—but in the telling I give up my life—for there are two men who will never let me live after I have told you this. It is Pelot and Bonchard. Last night I found myself in a room with these men, who told me that your life was forfeit because of your punishing them—and the good God knows they have deserved all and more than they got. And they played a game of cards to decide which one of the three—for I was one of them—should shoot you. I played the game without objecting—if I had objected I should probably have had a knife put in me before I could warn you—but since then, something—I don't know what it is—I feel so unhappy. I feel as if I had already a share in murdering you. I don't know why I should feel so—I meant at the time to be killed rather than kill you."

"I thank you, my good fellow. This squares us up about the three hundred francs, doesn't it?"

"It is your conscience with which you are making acquaintance," said the Lieutenant, smiling. His eyes assumed a peculiarly intrepid look, although his face paled a little.

Dufour, to whom Pumpkin had handed back the flask, took a pull from it himself, then removed his helmet, and let the wind of Heaven blow upon his forehead. It was a novel and rather unpleasant experience to know that a couple of devils had determined to take his life.

"Very well," he said; "I thank you, my good fellow. This squares us up about the three hundred francs, doesn't it? Now, I am riding farther back, and when you rejoin your troop, remember you are to swear you haven't seen me. Here's my hand. You are a better fellow than I should have been, perhaps, with your associations."

Dufour flung himself upon his horse and cantered down the road.

Within a week Pelot and Bonchard were shipped with a consignment of *disciplinaires* to Algiers. They were very much surprised at the quickness and quietness with which it was done. When they were being marched to the station they passed Pumpkin in the barrack-yard. He was carrying a bucket of water in each hand, and so could not get out of their way very quickly.

"I say, Pumpkin," cried out Bonchard, "we know about your sending us to Biribiri"—the French soldiers' name for Algiers. "We have two more years to serve before we return to France. Then look out, for we won't forget you."

Pumpkin was so startled at this that he dropped both buckets, and spilled all the water on the ground.

There is apt to be a strong sympathy between two men, no matter how far apart they are in the social and intellectual scale, who are marked for assassination by the same knife or pistol. This was the sort of sympathy established between Lieutenant Dufour and the Widow Thomard's son. Dufour regarded the matter as a brave, sensible man should. It did not prevent him from marrying, within the year, Léontine Chénier, the Colonel's daughter, and Pumpkin, by Dufour's special request, was one of the guard of honor which turned out that day to grace the occasion. Nor did Dufour make his young wife unhappy by telling her of the promise left behind by those two precious rogues in Algiers. He simply went upon his way like a brave, true-hearted gentleman, doing his duty day by day, and content to leave the outcome in the hands of the great and good Father of us all. But poor Pumpkin was a very different man, and he took his circumstances very differently. He had not the composure of a trained and educated mind. He was ready to risk his life any and every day on a horse's back, or on the firing-line, if need be—but he was an unlettered man, and quite unequal to the steady strain of thinking himself a dead man as soon as Pelot and Bonchard should return to France. By dint of brooding over his troubles Pumpkin had succeeded in persuading himself that his end would come as soon as Pelot's and Bonchard's term of enlistment was up, which was about the same time as his own. He concluded they would have no difficulty in finding him—for, of course, they would go to the riding-schools to look for him. They knew that Sergeant Fleurot would never let him have Marie if he returned to the sawdust ring—and, indeed, he had small inclination to go back to a circus life. In a riding-school it would be, on the whole, better pay and easier work—and on his officer's recommendation and his own accomplishments it would be easy enough to get a place. And so it proved, for on the very day he got his discharge papers he took the train to Paris, where he was engaged to teach riding at the enormous salary of a hundred and fifty francs a month.

It would be easy to save up enough to get married on out of that, thought Pumpkin, as he jolted along toward Paris in a third-class carriage. A year—and then Marie was working and saving, too, and the shop was again prospering, and the Widow Thomard had a little present ready for her André when he should get married. How rosy seemed life then but for those two rascals in Algiers!

In a year it all fell out just as Pumpkin had hoped, and as Pelot and Bonchard had not turned up, it had, at last, become a possibility to Pumpkin that they might not kill him after all.

He and Marie were married in the little chapel of the town where the regiment was still stationed, and Dufour, now a captain, and Madame Dufour, a blooming young matron, were at the wedding, and the sergeant condescended to be pleased with his new son-in-law, and everything went well. When the wedding party came out of the church, and Pumpkin was shaking hands with Dufour, a look of intelligence passed between them.

"Be happy, Pumpkin, as I am," said Dufour, smiling. "Life is a jolly good game when you are young and strong, and have work that you like, and are married to the woman you love."

"I believe you, sir," replied Pumpkin, smiling and looking fondly at Marie in her wedding finery. The fear that had clutched his heart so fiercely for so long had relaxed its hold. That day it seemed to have disappeared, and for the first time since the night when the two rogues had played Dufour's life away at cards Pumpkin was truly happy.

Of course he had to take a wedding tour, like his betters, but it would be to Paris, where he had a lodging ready for his little Marie. There were only first and third class carriages on the train they were to take, and Pumpkin would have taken a first-class carriage except for the prudent Marie. But Marie would not have it so, and as they were late they drove to the station in Madame Dufour's victoria, lent for the grand occasion. They jumped into the nearest third-class carriage. As the guard banged the door to Pumpkin looked up and saw two men sitting opposite him and his bride. They were Pelot and Bonchard.

The cardinal difference between a brave man and a coward is that a brave man can think when he is afraid and can even act sensibly, and a coward cannot do either. So it was with Pumpkin. He was so frightened that he almost felt the blood congealing in his veins—but no one suspected it, least of all the two wretches opposite him. They nudged each other and grinned, and even offered to shake hands with him.

"No, thank you," said Pumpkin, folding his arms. "I know you too well. Don't look at them, my dear"—to Marie—"I shall tell you all about them when we get to Paris."

(Concluded on Page 18)

I was aware that one particular sharpshooter was shooting at me

A SAILOR'S LOG

THE ASSAULT ON FORT FISHER

ADMIRAL PORTER was not willing to give up easily, and on his representations, concurred in by General Grant, the second expedition against Fort Fisher was organized. The fleet was ordered to Beaufort, North Carolina, and such vessels as could do so entered the harbor; the rest anchored outside, and all hands worked day and night coaling and filling up with ammunition and stores. Any one who has served on that coast in the winter months will know the difficulties with which we had to contend; to those who have not, no adequate idea can be given. Gales of wind were of almost constant occurrence, and, as we were in the open sea, the vessels rolled so that frequently we had to use life-lines on our decks to prevent the men from being washed overboard. On many occasions vessels had to slip their cables and go to sea to ride out the storms.

Notwithstanding all this, in two weeks we were ready to try it again, and this time success seemed to be in the air. That gallant soldier, General Alfred Terry, was in command of the army contingent; his men were enthusiastic and anxious for the fight, and he and Admiral Porter were working in harmony—a fact of itself promising the very best results. It was agreed between the commanders that a naval brigade should be landed to assist the army in the assault, by attacking the sea face of the fort, while the army went in on the northwest angle. Volunteers were called for from the navy for this service, and it was gratifying to see the officers and men come forward, almost in a body, for a job they knew would be a desperate one. So many volunteered that finally a detail had to be made from each ship, and there were many sorely disappointed ones when the names were published.

"I am going ashore with you to-morrow, and shall be killed"

It was my good fortune to be officer of the deck when the order came on board directing the movement, and so I had my name put first on the list of those who volunteered. At this time there were four classmates on board—Harris, Kellogg, Morris and Evans. All volunteered, and as only two could go we agreed that Harris and Kellogg, being in the first section of the class, should have one chance between them, and Morris and I, being in the second section, should have the other chance. Harris won his chance on the toss of a penny; but I, being a Virginian and having no particular family ties, insisted that I should go rather than Morris, who would be sadly missed if killed. To this Morris naturally objected, so we left the selection to Lieutenant-Commander George Bache, who was to command the men from the Powhatan. Bache selected me.

January 13 found us again in front of Fort Fisher, and this time we came to stay. The fleet opened on the fort, and kept up a constant and accurate fire. We soon found a great difference in the garrison from the one we had fought in the first attack. They stood up and fought their guns most gallantly, and would not be driven into the bomb-proofs. A division of gunboats was sent close in to cover the landing of the troops, which was done by the boats of the fleet in a sea heavy enough to make care necessary. I was in charge of the commodore's barge, a very handsome, large, able boat, fit to carry thirty-five or forty men. We made the first landing with over two hundred boats, and the sight was a notable one as we pulled in, an occasional shell splashing among us, and the bullets spluttering on the surface of the water.

As soon as the order was given to land we went for the beach at full speed, and, after passing the first breakers, turned our boats and backed them in until our passengers could land almost with dry feet, but to get them out of the boats at the right moment was almost impossible. They would wait too long, and as a result most of them were rolled up on the beach by the surf, soaking wet. But once on shore it was glorious to see how they knew their business and the way they did it. As soon as they got their feet they spread out into a skirmish line, and the rifles began to crack. When I came in with the second load those on shore had captured some cattle, and were skinning them, and did not seem the least bit worried by the fire of the skirmishers, only three or four hundred yards away. Before dark we had all the men landed, and enough ammunition and stores to make them safe and comfortable in case it should come on to blow. During the night we completed the landing of stores and supplies and some thirty-pound Parrott guns, which were immediately put in position facing General Bragg, who was coming from the direction of Wilmington to reënforce the garrison of Fort Fisher. The bombardment was kept up during the fourteenth while the army got into position for the assault, which had been fixed for the afternoon of the fifteenth.

The premonitions that men have before going into battle are very curious and interesting, particularly when they come true. We had on board the Powhatan a fine young seaman named Flannigan, who came from Philadelphia. On the night of the fourteenth of January he came to my room with a small box in his hand and said to me: "Mr. Evans, will you be kind enough to take charge of this box for me—it has some little trinkets in it—and give it to my sister in Philadelphia?" I asked him why he did not deliver it himself, to which he replied: "I am going ashore with you to-morrow, and shall be killed." I told him how many bullets it required to kill a man in action, and in other ways tried to shake his conviction, but it was no use—he stuck to it. He showed no nervousness over it, but seemed to regard it as a matter of course. I took the box, and, after making a proper memorandum, put it away among my things. On the afternoon of the next day, when we were charging the fort and just as we came under fire, at about eight hundred yards, I saw Flannigan reel out to one side and drop, the first man hit, with a bullet through his heart. I stepped quickly to his side and asked if he were badly hurt; the only reply was a smile as he looked up into my face and rolled over dead. The box was delivered as he requested, and I afterward assisted in getting a pension for his sister.

January 15 proved a beautiful day for our work, clear and warm enough, with a smooth beach for our landing. At early daylight the whole fleet opened on the fort, and poured shells in on it at a fearful rate. After a hasty dinner at noon the signal was made at one o'clock: "Land naval brigade." In a few minutes we were off, cheered by our shipmates, and pulling for the shore, where we landed unopposed and without serious accident, about one mile and a half from the northeast angle of Fort Fisher. On the way ashore some evilly-disposed person fired a shot at us, which struck the stroke oar of my boat, cut it in two, and sent the handle spinning across my stomach with such force that I thought I was broken in two. On landing we were quickly formed in three divisions, with the marine battalion in the lead.

During the forenoon a force of firemen had landed under Lieutenant Preston to dig rifle pits, well to the front, and these were to be occupied by the marines, who were to keep down the fire of the enemy until the sailors, armed with cutlass and revolver, reached the parapet.

When the divisions were formed we advanced until we reached a point about twelve hundred yards from the fort, where we halted and waited the signal to charge, which was to be the blowing of the steam whistle on the flagship, repeated by other vessels of the fleet. All the guns that we could see had been dismounted or disabled in the bombardment, but after we landed there was one large rifle that opened on us and did some damage. The shells generally struck short of us, and would then ricochet down the level beach, jumping along for all the world like rabbits. To avoid this shell fire the divisions had been marched by flank to take advantage of what shelter the slope of the beach offered. It thus happened that the three divisions forged up abreast of each other, and we charged in this formation—three columns abreast, the marines leading. While we were waiting for the army to report ready our men had a good rest and seemed to be in excellent spirits. The enemy was firing at us slowly, but doing no damage to speak of. Curious little puffs of sand showed where the Enfield rifle balls were striking, but they only hit a man now and then by accident.

At three o'clock the order to charge was given, and we started for our long run of twelve hundred yards over the loose sand. The fleet kept up a hot fire until we approached within about six hundred yards of the fort, and then ceased firing. The enemy seemed to understand our signals, and almost before the last gun was fired manned the parapet and opened on us with twenty-six hundred muskets. The army had not yet assaulted, so the whole garrison concentrated its

—and the fireman, with both hands behind him on the handle, started to pull me off

fire on us. Under the shower of bullets the marines broke before reaching the rifle pits that had been dug for them, and did not appear again as an organization in the assault. Most of the men and many of the officers mixed in with the column of sailors and went on with them. About five hundred yards from the fort the head of the column suddenly stopped, and, as if by magic, the whole mass of men went down like a row of falling bricks; in a second every man was flat on his stomach. The officers called on the men, and they responded instantly, starting forward as fast as they could go. At about three hundred yards they again went down, this time under the effect of canister added to the rifle fire. Again we rallied them, and once more started to the front under a perfect hail of lead, with men dropping rapidly in every direction. We were now so close that we could hear the voices of the enemy, and what they said need not be written here. The officers were pulling their caps down over their eyes, for it was almost impossible to look at the deadly flashing blue line of parapet, and we all felt that in a few minutes more we should make up for the fearful loss we had suffered.

Close Target Practice at Human Marks

At this moment I saw Colonel Lamb, the Confederate commander, gallantly standing out on the parapet and calling on his men to get up and shoot the Yankees. I considered him within range of revolver, so took a deliberate shot at him. As I fired a bullet ripped through the front of my coat across my breast, turning me compeletely around. I felt a burning sensation, like a hot iron, over my heart, and saw something red coming out of the hole in my coat which I took for blood. I knew, of course, that if a bullet had gone through this portion of my body I was done for; but that was no place to stop, so I went on at the head of my company. As we approached the remains of the stockade I was aware that one particular sharpshooter was shooting at me, and when we were a hundred yards away he hit me in the left leg, about three inches below the knee. The force of the blow was so great that I

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By Robley D. Evans

landed on my face in the sand. I got a silk handkerchief out of my pocket and with the kind assistance of my classmate, Hoban Sands, soon stopped the blood, and again went to the front as fast as I could.

About this time the men were stumbling over wires which they cut with their knives—they proved to be wires to the torpedoes over which we had charged, but they failed to explode. My left leg seemed asleep, but I was able to use it. The stockade, or what remained of it, was very near, and I determined to lead my company by the flank through a break in it, and then charge over the angle of the fort, which now looked very difficult to climb. I managed to get through the stockade with seven others, when my sharpshooter friend sent a bullet through my right knee, and I realized that my chance of going was settled. I tried to stand up, but it was no use; my legs would not hold me, and besides this I was bleeding dreadfully, and I knew that was a matter which had to be looked to. I heard some one say, "They are retreating!" and looking back I saw our men breaking from the rear of the columns and retreating. All the officers, in their anxiety to be the first into the fort, had advanced to the heads of the columns, leaving no one to steady the men in behind; and it was in this way we were defeated, by the men breaking from the rear. Two minutes more and we should have been on the parapet, and then—nobody can even guess what would have happened, but surely a dreadful loss of life. As the men retreated down the beach they were gathered up and put into the trenches to

I told him that there were six loads in it

oppose Bragg, and there served until after the fort was captured. Of the eight of us who went inside the stockade, all were shot down; one, the color bearer of my company, was half way up the parapet when he received his death wound.

Getting Even with the Man Who Shot Him

When I received the wound in my right knee I began at once to try to stop the flow of blood. I used for the purpose one of the half dozen silk handkerchiefs with which I had provided myself, but I was so tired and weak from loss of blood that I was some time doing the trick. In the meantime my sharpshooter friend, about thirty-five yards away, continued to shoot at me, at the same time addressing me in very forcible but uncomplimentary language. At the fifth shot, I think it was, he hit me again, taking off the end of one of my toes, tearing off the sole of my shoe, and wrenching my ankle dreadfully. I thought the bullet had gone through my ankle, the pain was so intense. For some reason, I don't know why, this shot made me unreasonably angry, and, rolling over in the sand so as to face my antagonist, I addressed a few brief remarks to him; and then, just as some one handed him a freshly loaded musket, I fired, aiming at his breast. I knew all the time that I should kill him if I shot at him, but had not intended to do so until he shot me in the toe. My bullet went a little high, striking the poor chap in the throat and passing out at the back of his neck. He staggered around after dropping his gun, and finally pitched over the parapet and rolled down near me, where he lay dead. I could see his feet as they projected over a pile of sand, and from their position knew that he had fought his last fight. Near me was lying the coxswain of my boat, Campbell by name, who had a canister-ball through his lungs, and was evidently bleeding to death. He said: "Mr. Evans, let me crawl over and give that —— —— another shot." He was dead almost before I could tell him that the poor fellow did not require any further attention from us.

One of the marines from the Powhatan, a splendid fellow named Wasmouth, came through the stockade, gathered me quickly under one arm, and before the sharpshooters could hit him laid me down in a place of comparative safety; but a moment afterward the fleet opened fire again, and the shells from the New Ironsides and the monitors began falling dangerously near us. Occasionally one would strike short, and, exploding, send great chunks of mud and pieces of log flying in all directions. Wasmouth again picked me up and, after carrying me about fifty yards, dropped me into a pit made by a large shell. Here I was entirely protected from the fire of the enemy, and several times called to him to take cover, but he said each time: "The bullet has not been made that will kill me." I was very drowsy, and almost asleep when I heard the peculiar thug of a bullet, and looking up found poor Wasmouth with his hand to his neck, turning around and around, and the blood spurting out in a steady stream. The bullet had gone through his neck, cutting the jugular, and in a few minutes he dropped in the edge of the surf and bled to death. He certainly was an honor to his uniform.

Just as our men began to break the army made their charge, and were able to make a lodgment on the northwest portion of the works before the enemy, who had taken us for the main assaulting column, saw them. When they discovered them, however, they went at them with a savage yell, and for seven hours fought them desperately, the same bombproof in several cases being captured and recaptured five or six times. A number of sharpshooters remained on the sea face and northeast angle, and shot at every moving thing. No doubt this was owing to the fact that quite a number of marines were scattered about the beach wherever they could find cover, keeping up a steady fire.

After Wasmouth was killed I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke it was some time before I could recall my surroundings. The tide had come in, and the hole in which I was lying was nearly full of water, which had about covered me and was trickling into my ears. I could see a monitor firing, and apparently very near, and the thought came to me that I could swim off to her if I only had a bit of plank or driftwood, but this I could not get. It was plain enough that I should soon be drowned like a rat in a hole unless I managed to get out somehow. Dead and wounded men were lying about in ghastly piles, but no one to lend me a helping hand. By this time I could not use my legs in any way, and when I dug my hands into the sides of my prison and tried to pull myself out, the sand gave way and left me still lying in the water. Finally, I made a strong effort and rolled myself sideways out of the hole. When I got out I saw a marine a short distance away, nicely covered by a pile of sand, and firing very deliberately at the fort. I called to him to pull me in behind his pile of sand, but he declined, on the ground that the enemy's fire was too sharp for him to expose himself. I persuaded him with my revolver to change his mind, and in two seconds he had me in a place of safety—that is to say, safe by a small margin, for when he fired the enemy's bullets would snip the sand within a few inches of our heads. If the marine had known that my revolver was soaking wet, and could not possibly be fired, I suppose I should have been buried the next morning, as many other poor fellows were. As soon as I could reach some cartridges from a dead sailor lying near me I loaded my revolver, thinking it might be useful before the job was finished.

When I was jerked in behind this pile of sand I landed across the body of the only coward I ever saw in the naval service. At first I was not conscious that there was a man under me, so completely had he worked himself into the sand; he was actually below the surface of the ground. The monitors were firing over us, and as a shell came roaring by he pulled his knees up to his chin, which hurt me, as it jostled my broken legs. I said: "Hello! are you wounded?" "No, sir," he replied; "I am afraid to move." "All right, then," I said; "keep quiet, and don't hurt my legs again!" The next shell that came over he did the same thing, and the next, notwithstanding my repeated cautions. So I tapped him between the eyes with the butt of my revolver, and he was quiet after that. The poor creature was so scared that he would lie still and cry as the shells flew over us. As I said before, he was the only coward I ever saw in the naval service.

From my new position I could see the army slowly fighting its way from one gun to another, and it was a magnificent sight. They knew their business thoroughly, these gallant

I addressed a few brief remarks to him

fellows from the Army of the Potomac, and in the end, at ten o'clock that night, won a victory that will live as long as heroic deeds are recorded. I can recall to this day the splendid courage of General Curtis, leading his brigade; he seemed to stand head and shoulders above those around him; and while I looked at him he went down, but was soon on his feet, only to go down a second time, shot in the eye. As darkness approached and the cold began to be felt, our men seemed to fight with more desperate determination, and the advance was more rapid. The Confederates were doing, and had done, all that human courage could do, but they were wearing out, and the arrival of fresh brigades on our side discouraged them.

The scene on the beach at this time was a pitiful one—dead and wounded officers and men as far as one could see. As a rule, they lay quiet on the sand and took their punishment like the brave lads they were, but occasionally the thirst brought on by loss of blood was more than they could bear, and a sound-wave would drift along, "Water, water, water!" And then all would be quiet again. It was one of the worst of the awful features of war. Just as the sun went down, and it did seem to go very slowly that afternoon, I saw an officer coming up the beach dressed in an overcoat and wearing side-arms. As he approached me I recognized Doctor Longstreet, and begged him to lie down, as the bullets were singing around his head. He took a canteen off a dead marine and gave me a swallow of sand and water, and did the same for another wounded man. Then, turning his face toward me, he said: "We will have you all off the beach to-night," and was moving on to the front when a bullet struck him in the forehead. He sprang several feet in the air, fell at full length on his back, and lay quite still and dead. His resignation had been accepted a week before, and as soon as the fight was done he was going home to Norfolk to be married.

I persuaded him with my revolver to change his mind

After the death of Doctor Longstreet I saw another man coming toward me; but he was taking advantage of all the cover he could get, and arrived without accident. He was a fireman from the gunboat Chicopee, and said he had come after me, but had only a coal shovel with which to aid me. He said if I could sit in the coal shovel he could drag me off! The twilight was deepening, and it seemed improbable that a sharpshooter could hit either of us, so I managed to get seated on the shovel, and the fireman, with both hands behind him on the handle, started to pull me off, but had gone only a few steps when a bullet struck him, passing through both arms below the elbows. That ended my trip on a coal shovel, and I spent the time until dark making my friend as comfortable as possible. Then I heard some one calling my name, and in a few minutes two men came who said Captain Cushing had sent them to find me and bring me off. They had only

their hands, but they used them most willingly and tenderly. One would put me on his back and carry me, while the other held me on. When the first one was tired, the two would change places; and thus I was carried, shot through both legs, a distance of a mile and a half.

The outfit for the care and comfort of the wounded consisted of a large fire made of cracker boxes and driftwood, a fair supply of very bad whiskey, and a number of able and intelligent medical officers. To the vicinity of this blazing fire I, among a large number of wounded men, was carried, and stretched out on a piece of plank with my head on a cracker box, where I enjoyed the warmth, which was very grateful in the chill of the January evening. My clothing was saturated with blood and salt water, and thoroughly filled with sand. My wounds were much in the same condition. A gunboat in the bayou back of the fort was using our fire as a target, and finally succeeded in landing a shell fairly in the middle of it, much to our discomfort. When the shell exploded several men were killed, and the fire blown about over the rest of us. The doctor finally got to me, and after cutting off my trousers and drawers well up on my thighs, split them down the sides and threw them into the fire. Then he ran a probe, first through one hole, then the other, said I was badly wounded, gave me a stiff glass of grog, and passed on to the next man, leaving me practically naked. A brother officer, seeing my condition, took the cape off his overcoat and wrapped it about my legs, and this, with the assistance of the grog, soon made me very comfortable.

Every Ship with Flag at Half-Mast

About half-past nine that night Captain Breese, who commanded the brigade, succeeded in getting a lifeboat in through the heavy surf breaking on the beach, and at once wounded officers were tumbled into her, while the crew stood in the water holding her head on to the seas. My turn came at last, and two friends handed me into the boat with my legs hanging over the stern; then the crew jumped in, the coxswain sat down calmly on my knees, gave the men the word, and out we went through the surf in beautiful style. The boat was from the gunboat Nereus, Captain Howell commanding, and to her we were taken. We found her rolling in the trough of the sea, but the officer of the deck had all preparations made, and we were quickly hoisted up to the davits, and willing hands soon transferred us to the deck. Just as they were putting me on a cot, before taking me below, I saw a signal torch on the parapet of the fort calling the flagship, and a moment later I read this signal: "The fort is O U R ——" And then everything broke loose! Nobody waited for the completion of the signal; all hands knew what that last letter would be. There was a great burst of rockets and blue lights, and the men manning the rigging cheered as the guns roared with saluting charges. Long after I was comfortably swung in the wardroom I could hear the fleet rejoicing over the downfall of the stronghold.

The officers of the Nereus, from the Captain down, spent the night doing all in their power to make us comfortable. We had a good supply of whiskey and a pitcher of morphine and water, and they gave us plenty of both. Shortly after daylight signal was made to transfer all wounded men on board to the Santiago de Cuba, and for vessels having dead on board to hoist colors at half-mast. I shall never forget the sight that greeted me when I was carried on deck to be put in the boat. The fleet lay in just the position in which it had fought the day before, and it seemed to me that every ship had her flag at half-mast lazily flapping in the drizzling rain. The weather was cold and raw, all our wounds were stiff and sore, and every movement of those helping us caused indescribable suffering. In the excitement of the charge, getting wounded was fun, but now we had a different problem to solve, and it required real nerve to face it.

The Santiago de Cuba was soon loaded to her utmost capacity, and early in the forenoon we started for Norfolk, Virginia. My friends Kellogg and Morris had kindly packed all my traps for me and sent them on board, so that I had a change of linen. The officers of the ship devoted themselves entirely to our comfort. Lieutenant-Commander Farquhar, the executive officer, put four of us in his room and made us feel that everything he had belonged to us. If we had been his own brothers he could not have treated us with greater kindness. Before we passed Hatteras the fresh water ran low, and we had to drink warm water from the distillers, but we regarded that as a small matter so long as we could have a drop of whiskey with it. The chaplain was a good soul, and was unremitting in his attentions to those who needed them. Once, when he came to see us, he said to one who was pretty badly used up: "My friend, you should be very thankful that it is no worse!" To which the officer replied: "I am, but I would be a —— sight more thankful if it had not been so bad!" This did not evoke a reply from the man of God, who seemed to consider it quite a new view of the situation; but to the rest of us it sounded like good common-sense.

How a Six-Shooter Saved a Pair of Legs

After a very comfortable trip, all things considered, we arrived at Norfolk at daylight in the morning, and hauled alongside the wharf at the Naval Hospital. We were landed without delay, and I found myself on a comfortable bed in a large, clean-looking ward. I slipped my revolver under the pillow, and pulling the blankets up about my chin, went to sleep and did not awake until ten o'clock that night. The surgeon in charge and his principal assistant were standing by the bedside, and after a careful examination of my wounds they retired to the end of the room for consultation, when I distinctly heard the senior one say, "Take both legs off in the morning." I did not get much sleep that night, but I did do some very serious thinking. The following morning the assistant, who was a personal friend of mine, came in, and after a few words of greeting began to tell me how seriously I was wounded, and how dangerous wounds about the knee were. I saw at once that he hated to tell me what he was going to do to me, so to relieve the situation I told him that I had overheard the conversation the night before; that I had thought very seriously of the matter, and that I preferred to die with my legs on; that I was only eighteen years old, and the thought of living my life without my legs was more than I cared to face; that as the legs belonged to me, I thought I had a right to say what was to become of them; and that I asked the doctors to do what they could for me with my legs on, and if I died it was no matter. He heard me very quietly, and I thought with sympathy, but when I had finished, said: "You know, Evans, orders have to be obeyed!" Thinking that he had misunderstood me, I went over matters again, and wound up by asking that they put me out on the lawn on a cot rather than cut me to pieces; that I would find some one to take me to a hospital farther North. Again came the reply about obeying orders. Reaching over, I pulled the gun from under my pillow; I told him that there were six loads in it, and that if he or any one else entered my door with anything that looked like a case of instruments I meant to begin shooting, and that he might rest perfectly sure that I would kill six before they cut my legs off. This brought matters to a crisis at once, and in a few minutes the surgeon in charge came in very angry and full of threats. But the result was that they left my legs on, and paid very little attention to me in any way for two weeks, when they found I had fever and must be looked after. To the wife of the doctor who was going to operate and his little daughter I owe my life. Had it not been for their kindness and care I should undoubtedly have died. It would be difficult to make any one believe to-day the conditions that existed in the Norfolk Hospital at the time of which I write. No doubt the medical officers did the best they could with the tools they had to work with, but the tools were awfully bad. Hospital diet was unknown, and we lived on regular rations—at least I did—until bacon and cabbage knocked me out, strong as I was, and it was then that the doctor's wife and daughter saved me. Such a thing as a trained nurse was unknown, and there were none of the modern conveniences

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The Society Man of Fifty Years Ago

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

MANY a youth of to-day, no doubt, pauses in wonder over the pictures of costume in the original edition of Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby, and asks himself if there really can have been a time when young men in good society were so absurdly dressed. He finds the man of fashion wearing, even in the morning and in traveling, a tightly-fitted dress-coat with the shirt-cuffs turned backward over the coat-cuffs; a low-cut and very gorgeously-figured waistcoat; a scarf mounting up to the chin, covering the whole chest and large enough to go several times around the body; the trousers very tight and "web-footed"—that is, having the cloth brought down beneath the sole of the boot and meeting underneath, with but space enough for the toe and heel to emerge. Above all this curious clothing appears the face, usually close-shaven, and with the hair worn long enough entirely to conceal the ears in the case of young men, while older men wear it full at the side and evidently curled by the barber. All this in case of men of the best society, the style being further modified in the case of more vulgar fops, by the Mantalini costume—that is, dressing-gown and trousers exhibiting vast checks and stretching to such breadth as can still be seen occasionally among the lower classes of Parisians.

A slightly earlier form of the same fashions and almost equally incredible may be found in the pictures given by Canon Rawnsley, in his delightful Memories of the Tennysons, of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, in 1830, reading aloud to the ladies in coal-scuttle bonnets on the deck of the Bordeaux steamer. I cannot myself recall that earlier type, but the costumes in Nicholas Nickleby, at least, are no exaggeration of those prevailing at Harvard College in my own undergraduate period, between 1837 and 1841.

Of all these eccentricities of costume, that which now seems most incredible is the "web-footed" pantaloon. It is said that all fashions recur, but for half a century, in this case, I have watched in vain for its return. Even the simple and elementary leather strap is now rarely seen, except for riding purposes; and the extraordinary preposterousness of the more elaborate structure gradually worked its own extinction. The youth who in those days received his first pair of these garments from the tailor gazed at them with dismay from the apparent impossibility of putting them on. Even the delicate French boots, which were then highly in fashion, if once drawn on the feet, could not afterward be pushed into the pantaloons without risk of tearing them badly, a calamity which indeed often followed this first effort. Final reflection made it obvious that the empty boots must be first of all inserted in the web-footed pantaloons and the whole apparatus drawn on together. Then when bedtime came the whole thing was also removed together, and when thrown over a chair presented the alarming spectacle of a pair of legs without a body, perhaps terrifying children or servant maids, should the lazy sophomore have left his best suit to be disentangled at leisure. No garment of the present day, for men, at least, can be said to equal in unreasonableness the web-footed pantaloon.

The Curious Foppery of Longfellow

It must be remembered that the steady simplification of men's garments had then only got half way on its course. In Longfellow's Hyperion, Paul Flemming's friend cautions him that his gloves are considered "too bright in hue for a strictly virtuous man," and that he has a rakish look because he carries a cane and his hair curls. This was doubtless borrowed from the actual experience of Longfellow in Cambridge. His alleged foppery of costume was there the subject of much criticism, as I well remember. He wrote to Sumner, then in Europe, in 1837: "If you have any tendency to curl your hair and wear gloves like Edgar in Lear, do it before your return." Mrs. Craigie, his hostess, thought that the poet had "somewhat too gay a look," and his friend Ward wrote to him later: "I have for you an Endymion waistcoat, better suited to your style than mine." I can myself vividly recall a certain pair of pantaloons—let me still adhere to the word of that period—worn by the poet, which appeared to have a stripe that went round and round in a regular spiral. To older men, of course, these fopperies were forbidden, but Longfellow, writing to his father, describes the first of the assemblies in Boston in 1839: "Your friend, William Sullivan, is head manager. He figured in a white cravat and chapeau bras, with a black silk cockade. Daniel Webster shone conspicuously in tights."

Thus much for the aspect of the young man of fifty or sixty years ago; now as to way of living. It was the case in Boston at that time, and I think in all our cities, that social entertainments included a greater range of age than now—beginning earlier and lasting later. The change is due, perhaps, to the great development of the theatre, which makes it for older people a more formidable competitor of the ballroom.

The change has been, at any rate, gradual and steady. We know, for instance, that public balls a hundred years ago in Salem, Massachusetts—then the social equal or superior of Boston—began at six or seven o'clock and broke up at ten or eleven. Half way between that date and this—at the time of my college days—guests were invited for eight o'clock, came before nine, and separated soon after twelve. They are now invited at half-past nine, come together at half-past ten, and remain indefinitely, having sometimes even an early breakfast before separating. Spending certain winter vacations in Vermont, however, more than half a century ago, I have often driven about with other young men at sunset in the short winter days, in large sleighs, to collect the young ladies. We danced perhaps until midnight at those country balls, but the stage-drivers' dances of that day and region, perhaps reaching a class a shade less exclusive, went on habitually all night so that they might make the most of it.

The Dances of a Past Generation

So much for the hours. As to the dances, there was of course visible that continuous change which was already going on in those matters. Going back a century ago, as we know, the minuet still flourished, together with reels and with country dances, then spelt always "contra-dances," the dance itself being "called"—that is announced—by the lady at the head of the line, the title being "Money-Musk," "Twin-Sisters," or "Drops of Brandy," as the case might be. Every public ball included two or three of what were called "draw-dances," in which partners were assigned by lot. Half a century changed all this, banished the minuet entirely, and, in the cities, the contra-dance and the reels, except the "Virginia Reel," and substituted the quadrille and the waltz, the former in its turn disappearing in these latter days. The old-fashioned quadrille, before its retirement, had almost degenerated into a walk, and had become a mere form, or an excuse for conversation. The latter was not, however, always the case at suburban balls, and I remember that my delightful old kinsman, the late Colonel Henry Lee, when dancing at a party in Roxbury and endeavoring to make himself agreeable to his partner—usually an easy thing for him—was checked by her with the stern remark: "Sir, I came here to dance and not to talk."

Young people undoubtedly entered society in those days at an earlier age than now. I went to my first Boston party at eighteen, and one of our recognized Cambridge belles was fourteen. Everybody was poorer in money, though, on the other hand, the prices of luxuries were less. Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, for many years a recognized leader in society, is described in books as an heiress, because she had inherited not more than $150,000; and the richest man in my class at Harvard, the late Edward Newton Perkins, was probably not worth more than twice that, and yet was a man of leisure all his life on the strength of it. Social distinctions were, however, less based on wealth than now, though always modified by that consideration. Mrs. Fanny Kemble points out, in her Reminiscences, as a remarkable fact, that there were Boston families which dated back only a generation or so to Cape Cod sea captains or India supercargoes, and which yet had distinctly refined and aristocratic bearing and even features; and the names of these families could easily be given and even their features traced up to the present day.

Among the older men whom I met, during what now seems to be boyhood, in Boston drawing-rooms, were John Lothrop Motley, the historian, always handsome and distinguished; Alleyne Otis, so long well known in Newport society; and two of my older schoolmates, Lowell, the poet, and Story,

the sculptor. The tone of manners was, at that time, undoubtedly a shade more formal and distant, though certainly not more frank and simple, than that now prevailing. Experience proved that there was nothing to prevent the best-bred young men in our Atlantic cities from taking their places unquestioned in refined foreign society. Dickens' attacks, it must be remembered, were not directed against city life, but against rural life in America, and Dickens himself made, as I well recall, an impression of under-breeding which amounted, in the matter of costume, to absolute vulgarity. Thackeray was, in these respects, distinctly his superior, although I remember that James T. Fields, the publisher, who knew them both intimately, preferred Dickens, as showing more real refinement of mind.

The Social Leadership of the South

If I speak especially of Boston, it is because my own social observation in youth was of that city and its neighborhood, although I had the good fortune to have some glimpses, in my senior vacation, of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. I was the guest at Philadelphia, in particular, of my cousin, the Rev. Stephen Higginson Tyng, D. D., then a prominent figure there, and of another relative, Mrs. Thomas Astley. It is an undoubted fact, however, that for the standard of polished manners young men then looked largely to Baltimore, a fact which Holmes has permanently recorded by making his typical gentleman, in the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, a Baltimorean. In my youth, Harvard College and its Law School were half filled with Southern students, whose homes ranged southward as far as New Orleans, and they unquestionably gave at that period the standard of social courtesy. They had, however, their own peculiarities of dialect, and I remember how they would say to my elder sister, then a promising pianist: "Miss, will you give us a chune?" Yet it was not then long past the time when all Americans were known in France as Bostonians—as the amusing annalist, Mr. Samuel Breck, himself a resident of Philadelphia, tells us in his Recollections—and the survival of the name of Boston for a game of cards still bears witness to this fact.

So much for social externals. In respect to mental training, the intellectual standard has unquestionably grown far higher within half a century. All our collegiate institutions are steadily changing in a direction in which the first steps were taken more than fifty years ago at Harvard University and the University of Virginia, in the introduction of what is known as the elective system, first introduced at Harvard University by George Ticknor, soon after 1817. It was applied for many years only to modern languages, but in 1839, when I was in college, it was for a time applied on a larger scale, so that, for the first time, the special talents and desires of young men were consulted in their training. The change made comparatively little difference to me personally, my own tastes being omnivorous, but I had already seen whole college careers spoiled in the case of young men of strong scientific or inventive ability, simply because they found no opportunity to develop their varied tastes in the college curriculum and were starved on a prescribed diet of Latin, Greek and mathematics. That first experiment was abandoned, but it was later renewed, and the very discipline of the institution has been transformed by the change. I have daily before me the spectacle of a university numbering over 4000 young men more easily handled than were the 400 of my own time, while they get a much better training.

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Masters of Men *By* Morgan Robertson

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He slid sidewise to the floor and lay still

TWENTIETH CHAPTER

EPITOMIZING as he does the infancy of the race; a boy's attitude toward the world is antagonistic: yet there are times during his passage through the Age of Stone when he would rather beat you at marbles than inflict pain upon you. There are times when nothing suits him but a bow and arrow, when he will hide for days in a cave which he has found or dug for himself like his cave-dwelling ancestry, when he will practice strenuously at hatchet-throwing, knife-throwing, spear-throwing, and is joyful of soul when he can break a window with a stone from his sling. Banded with others he will cruelly maltreat a weaker boy—a captive—from another neighborhood, and his hunting games—survivals of the chase—sometimes end fatally to the losers. But in time—somewhere between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one—these primitive attributes, under the influence of punishment, reward and good example, may be civilized out of him, and he becomes fit for acquaintanceship.

The development of the girl differs slightly from that of the boy. Leaving her Paleolithic brother to work out his salvation in his own way, the baby girl leaps at once into the pseudo-civilization of the Middle Ages, with its emotionalism, its enthusiasm and its supernaturalism—which existed in women before the Middle Ages were dreamt of. She is a monitor and a preacher from promptings within herself, and when she has learned to talk she tells her small brother what he should and should not do—not because she knows, but because she feels. She remains in the Middle Ages while she lives, a preacher, a monitor, a dictator. She is often no more than a nagging scold, but on the whole her life is cleaner, brighter and more moral than that of her brother. Once past the sugar-bowl period her pilfering propensities are easily dropped—or suppressed until poverty or kleptomania brings them to the surface; but her cowardice, nourished and conserved by physical weakness, often remains with her to the end, and in mendacity she sometimes outclasses her brother.

And this brings us to the object of this analysis. We know that Dick Halpin has painfully struggled from the Age of Stone into the Age of Iron. We must also know that Bessie Fleming—sweet and wholesome and lovable—is a fibber. As to Mabel Arthur, we can only infer; the evidence is not clear.

On the following Sunday the two girls, each suitably arrayed for war, went to church, and, when the service was over, met in the vestibule. After kisses and greetings they went out together, and Bessie said effusively:

"But where have you kept yourself, dear? Why, I haven't seen you since before the riot. Wasn't it dreadful?"

"Wasn't it? I have been ill all the week," answered Mabel. "I got out only to-day."

"Weren't they horrid? They almost killed poor Dicky; they swung him around by his chain and he hasn't been himself at all since then. And, do you know, it was Dick Halpin—our Dick, for whom we named him—who rescued Dicky. Wasn't it nice? Such a coincidence, too."

"Did he? I understood that he was the ringleader—the master spirit."

"Not at all, Mabel. He was quelling the riot."

"I thought Mr. Breen did that—he and father and the firemen."

"But Dick was first. I was standing in a doorway—I got dreadfully wet—and saw it all. I saw you, Mabel. Did you see Dick? Isn't he big and strong and handsome?"

"Handsome?" murmured Mabel with a sweet and pleasant drawl in her voice. "I don't know. I did not observe him closely; but I think that Mr. Breen is really rather nice looking."

"Do you? Now, I think Dick is much handsomer. I suppose you heard how he thrashed those boys who treated him so cruelly."

"I did hear something; but, you know, I am not greatly interested in his exploits."

"No? But he did, Mabel—all but one, who ran away. Anna was there and saw it all. Wasn't it poetic justice—that he should come back so big and brave and strong? And he was so small and helpless when they ill-treated him. You know how I felt. I believe I was the only friend he had in the whole world."

"Well, I felt at the time, and feel still, that I had done my duty when I exonerated him. George was only a foolish boy, you know. Of course, I can understand that it is different with you. Mr. Breen said—you know he called that day and spent the evening with us—well, Mr. Breen said he was a notorious fighter, always in trouble."

Bessie's small hand opened spasmodically, much as a cat shows her claws; but it was gloved, and Mabel smiled, sweetly and fearlessly.

"Did he really call on you, Mabel?" asked Bessie. "How nice; he called at our house, too; but Dick was there and he went away—he went right away. I was surprised. And so he called on you?"

"He had something to say to me," replied Mabel dreamily. "I suppose that he called to say it."

Bessie's face whitened a little, and her eyes opened wide, but she made no direct inquiry as to what Mr. Breen had to say. After a moment's silence she said:

"I don't think that Mr. Breen is at all reliable. I think he is very much of a flirt—so insincere, and inconsistent. Dick is different. I received a lovely letter from him last evening. Shall I show it to you, Mabel?"

She drew forth a letter which Mabel took languidly, and, experiencing a little difficulty in reaching in between the edges of the envelope, removed her left glove. She was not left-handed, but by removing her right glove she could not have displayed the diamond on the third finger of her left hand.

"Oh, Mabel," exclaimed Bessie, as she seized the hand, "isn't it beautiful?" Her cheek was paler, and her lips twitched.

"Yes, isn't it?" responded Mabel, as she pressed the gem to her lips. "It came last evening, like your letter, from New York. Let's see what your gladiator says.

"'My dear friend Bessie,'" she read—"he writes a good hand, doesn't he, Bessie, for a common sailor?—'My dear friend Bessie: You have probably formed an estimate of my general character that no apology from me will change. Yet it is due myself as well as you to offer one. I am sincerely sorry for my conduct, and ask your pardon. It must have seemed unqualified rowdyism to you. I know I have no reputation in Allville to be proud of, but I did, and would again, value your good opinion. Truly yours, Richard Halpin.'

"Quite an apology," said Mabel as she handed the letter back; "but why should he apologize to you, Bessie? Did he—did he hit you?"

"Why, Mabel—the idea! He thought, I suppose, that I should blame him for poor Dicky's suffering; and then, too, I was his only friend."

"And I suppose you will answer?"

"Most certainly."

"Well, Bessie, when your Dick buys the ring he must induce Mr. Breen to select it. Mr. Breen knows so much about gems." Mabel fingered the brilliant, and looked lovingly and proudly at it.

"If it should come to that, Mabel," answered Bessie, somewhat incoherently, "I think he could choose for himself. There are mother and Anna—beckoning," she continued brokenly. "I must leave you, Mabel; and do come around."

"Yes, and do come yourself. I've so many things to tell you. Good-by, dear."

"Good-by, Mabel."

They kissed and parted on the corner around which Dick had stalked his officer, Mabel going back to her home with lips tightly pressed, and Bessie joining her mother and sister. Neither girl called on the other, and when they met again,

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—When Richard Halpin, on leave from the receiving-ship Vermont, returned to Allville with twelve of his companions to pay back schoolboy scores, he should have attended strictly to business, whereas he meddled with love affairs—one of them not his own. He left his bodyguard of twelve jackies at the hotel and went to pay calls. When, four years before, he had left Allville in unmerited disgrace, Bessie Fleming had been the only one to believe in him. To Bessie's he went straightway. From her he had word of Mabel Arthur, still first in his regard, as Bessie more than half guessed. Playfully she tested her surmise: "Mabel was prettier than ever; Mabel had much attention, particularly from Ensign Breen"—Dick winced; Breen was his superior officer—and Bessie laughed. She knew very well that Ensign Breen was in love with Bessie Fleming, if with any one.

Bessie had thus inflamed Dick against Breen. It remained for chance to inflame Breen against Dick. When Dick, badgered by Bessie's teasing, determined to take his pay from her in a stolen kiss, it must be Ensign Breen who opened the door on him. When Ensign Breen, wounded in his vanity and perplexed in his mind, sought counsel of Mabel Arthur, it must be able-seaman Halpin who should meet him walking with her.

So that it mattered very little to Dick that his other plans should go astray and his bodyguard of twelve sailors get beyond his control and be saved from the village jail only by the intervention of Ensign Breen. Such a humiliating culmination of his misfortunes seemed to possess the requisite completeness.

they kissed, talked commonplaces and parted without kissing. When next they met the kiss was omitted and the conversation short. Next time, Bessie was looking at a show-window as Mabel came abreast, and on the next occasion this happened to Bessie. Finally, they passed with stately and silent salutes.

From a masculine point of view it was certainly wrong for Bessie to give a false coloring to Dick's ambiguous apology; but she was a woman. Women have their own code of honor, and we must not question it.

Instead of writing candidly to Mr. Breen explaining Dick's position, as masculine ethics would have prompted, Bessie wrote to Dick, and, not being sure of his abiding-place, sent the letter in care of Mr. Breen. The Ensign received it, studied the superscription and postmark, swore softly and sent it by a messenger-boy to Dick, who, with a sunburst of court-plaster on his brow and dismal gloom in his soul, read it in the light of a bow port.

It was an angry letter, telling of the diamond ring, and defining Dick's position very clearly; but as it contained confessions wrung from her maidenly heart, it will not be given here. If Bessie, prompted by the inscrutable feminine code, had hoped that Dick would show it, or hint as to its tenor, to Mr. Breen, the letter failed of its mark; for Dick understood none but the masculine code.

But the inclosed clipping from the Allville Times was certainly meant for Dick's own reading. It ran as follows:

> Yesterday afternoon a gang of rowdy sailors came to our peaceful town, and after a noisy time in the cheap hotel run by Timothy Morrisey, began the task of "painting the town." Thanks to the well-known inefficiency of the police force, they almost succeeded. Their first assault was directed at the graduating class of the high school, as a result of which several of its members are now ill in bed from the severity of their injuries. The commencement exercises will probably be postponed. It seems that the ringleader and chief rowdy of the gang is one Richard Halpin, a former member of this class, who was expelled from school four years ago for stealing. He then ran away from home, and now, it seems, returns to wreak his spite upon his innocent and unoffending classmates, and bring added disgrace upon himself—if that were possible—and on the honored name which he wears, before the grass has sprouted on the graves of his loving guardians, whose hearts he broke and whose deaths he hastened by his villainy.
>
> After their attack on the school the unruly gang, first overcoming our police, raved through the streets, smashing windows and maltreating citizens; then the fire department was called out by the Mayor. Our brave firemen would certainly have overcome the rioters but that the appearance of Ensign Breen, of the Navy, a guest of our Mayor, rendered action unnecessary. Mr. Breen marched the crowd down to the station with the ruffian Halpin under arrest. Mr. Breen deserves the thanks of the community for his firmness and courage, and it is to be hoped that the fellow Halpin will be severely dealt with on shipboard; but with the expected reorganization of our police force we can confidently predict that should he set foot in our town again his reception will be warm.
>
> Efforts are being made toward the rescinding of Morrisey's license, as the place has too long disgraced the town.

TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER

ON BOARD the Vermont there were twelve distinct and conflicting accounts of the "hurrah" at Allville given to the ship's company; but Dick, from whom most was expected, had nothing to say, nor would he express any interest in Kerrigan's report, reluctantly given, that Devlin and himself had been unable to catch the long-legged Ned Brown. He was a changed young man, and in a very bad way. Not even the proud approval and warm congratulations of Bronson could lift him from the mood that had engulfed him. He despised himself. He had seen glimpses of a life in which he could take no part. He was mentally benumbed, and Bessie's angry letter, with its news of his aunt's and uncle's death, affected him much less than it could have before his trip. Nor did Mr. Breen's later attitude help him. There had been no summons to the mast, but the Ensign had sent for Dick, and with constrained manner and averted eyes told him that, having learned of certain events of his schooldays, connected with his recent conduct, he had decided to make no report to the executive officer.

And Dick had sullenly thanked the Ensign, and had gone forward, trying to hate Mabel. But it was impossible, in spite of what seemed to him to be the nature of her intercession—even though she must have told of his disgrace at school. For what else would have so turned Mr. Breen against him?

Gradually Dick came back to something like his old, genial self, yet could not, by the time he lined up on the cob-deck with lashed bag and hammock—one of a draft for the New York—look on Mr. Breen without silent malediction.

Strong in his resolve to quit the navy when his time expired, he, with others of the draft, had entered early protest against being sent to a foreign station. The protest, usually considered, was ignored, possibly from an inward knowledge among the officers that the New York might remain on the coast; but this reason was not given to the men, and there was bitter talk of desertion before the ship sailed. Dick, laying this additional grievance at the door of Mr. Breen, who had promised to have him selected from good will, and had now done it from ill will, seriously thought of desertion himself.

A few happenings strengthened his half-formed resolution. The New York, a two-masted, three-funneled armored cruiser, was taking in the coal discharged before docking. As her bunkers held over twelve hundred tons, it was a long, distasteful job for the men, and nothing else being required of them until the carpenters, calkers and machinists had finished repairs, the off-watch was allowed daily liberty. Fate, and Dick's captain-of-division, had decreed that he should take his place one morning in the lighter alongside to shovel coal into canvas bags, and hook them on the davit whip by which they were hoisted up to the chutes. It was a dirty and dusty job, and, along near noon and knocking-off time, just when he was as dirty, dusty and black as he could be, he looked up from a filled bag to see Mabel Arthur gazing down on him from the after part of the superstructure-deck. Beside her was Mr. Breen, pointing at him, and farther along were her father and brother inspecting a searchlight. There was little reason to suppose that they could know one grimy shoveler from another at that distance, or that Mabel would have recognized her own brother so disguised, but Dick looked downward with cheeks burning under the dirt. He had been pointed at, and he felt his humiliation to the full. He shoveled energetically for a while, and when forced to straighten his aching back, he looked, not aft, but forward, and there she was, staring down on him from the forward bridge, while Mr. Breen, amidship, was pointing up at the fighting-tops, seemingly explaining things to Mr. Arthur and George. Dick hung his head again, and worked, perspiring. He had little false pride, and coaling ship was a necessary evil, but he would have liked to be cleaner when she looked at him—not laboring like a longshoreman at the most unsailorly work in the navy. Having climbed into a port to avoid meeting her, he met her again on the lower deck, forward of the engine-room skylight, where the visitors and Mr. Breen were picking their way aft over scattered lumps of coal.

"Here," cried the officer sharply, "get a broom—there's one—sweep this gangway clear. Lively now!"

He spoke to Dick, but neither he nor the gentlemen seemed to know him; though Mabel certainly did, as was evidenced by the fixity of her gaze over his head while he swept coal out of her way, and by the sweetness of the smile she gave the next grimy tar—it was Casey—who kicked a sleeping pig, the ship's mascot, from her path.

Raging inwardly, Dick finished the task, flung the broom from him, cleaned up and ate his dinner. He kept out of sight until three o'clock, when a boatswain's mate piped the liberty crowd to the quarterdeck; and here, standing in line—sweet and clean, and good-looking—he stared defiantly into her eyes as she watched the men told off. But he could not keep it up; she joined him in the stare; his eyes shifted and came back—she was still gazing at him—and they sought the deck. He looked again, with the defiance gone, and in place of it the dumb, pleading look of a spaniel. Then her own eyes dropped, a blush came to her face, and she looked at him no more. She was not conquered in the battle of eyes; she had merely searched well.

On the dock Dick gave his name to the cadet in charge of the squad and obtained permission to visit the Vermont before going out of the Yard. He saw Bronson and had a stormy quarter of an hour with him, at the end of which the latter said gravely: "And I hoped to see you a warrant officer, but you won't have it; so, go—go along, and good luck to you, Dick."

TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER

FATHER, daughter and brother left the New York, with Mr. Breen in civilian's clothing and carrying a heavy satchel. The ship lay on the inshore side of the cob-dock, just around the corner from the Vermont, and a straight sidewalk led from her gangplank to the landing of the ferry-scow, a cabined craft which pulled itself by means of a winch-engine back and forth on a stationary chain. Dick Halpin hurried down another walk which led from the Vermont, and boarded the scow just ahead of them. When they entered and sat down amidships he was seated in a forward corner, with his back turned squarely toward them; but his cap was slued on his head, and the name of his ship on the ribbon was readable.

"There's one of your men, forward," said George, as Mr. Breen with a sigh of relief deposited the satchel on the deck. The officer glanced, nodded and sat down beside Mabel. Other passengers—sailors, marines and workmen—crowded in and Dick was nearly hidden from view.

"Does he have to shovel coal?" asked Mabel in a low voice. "Is that his duty?"

"Whom do you mean?"

She leaned forward, looked at Dick's broad back, and said: "Dick Halpin."

"Why, yes—coaling ship—in his turn—unless he gets a rating. But he hasn't had time for that. Was he shoveling?"

"Didn't you see him? You pointed right at him—down in the boat. He saw us. He must have thought we were talking about him."

"Didn't see him at all."

"You ordered him to sweep the floor for us—down cellar. Do you always speak to him like that?"

"Was that Halpin?" asked the Ensign with a smile. "They're all alike, sometimes. Certainly. We can't take time to request them to do anything. We tell them to."

She was silent; the noise of the chain going over the winch made conversation difficult, and when the scow reached the landing they all arose and crowded forward to step ashore. "Here, my lad," said Mr. Breen briskly, tapping Dick on the shoulder, "going out? Carry this grip for me to the gate—eh—Halpin."

Dick turned with a flush on his face that was almost black; but he touched his cap and took the bag. George smiled cheerfully, but Mr. Breen seemed disturbed and embarrassed. He stepped after Dick with a hand half extended for the burden, but it was too late; he was on the landing-float, and before the Ensign reached it was swinging up the walk as though anxious to escape from them. Mr. Breen paused and looked at Mabel's face; but she averted her eyes as she took her father's arm, and he walked to the gate beside her brother. Outside, Dick was waiting. No doubt his training was strong upon him, yet there was a suggestion, in the way he was swinging the bag, of a desire to hurl it from him, as he had once thrown his schoolbooks. Mr. Breen approached and relieved him.

"I didn't know you, Halpin," he said. "Believe me, I had no wish to work you, or humiliate you, before people you knew."

The unforgiving Dick turned a sullen face away from him, then back.

"Wouldn't you like, sir," he said in a voice which, though high-pitched and trembling, was but little louder than the purr of a cat, "that I should polish your shoes? There's still time—while I wear this rig."

"Halpin, you are insolent."

"Am I, sir? Perhaps. I happen to be a free-born American in temporary servitude. Not for long, however, though I may finish my time in the brig. Let me suggest tact and wisdom on your part when we meet after that."

He swung on his heel and strode down the street toward the Brooklyn bridge. Mr. Breen, biting his lip, returned to his friends, and they boarded the first car that came along, which, being delayed, did not make good time; so they mounted the steps to the platform just ahead of Dick, who had walked the distance, and as they seated themselves Mabel looked at the Ensign with an expression that he did not understand, but which brought him to her side.

"Your friend has given warning," he said with a troubled look at her. "Going to skip, I judge."

"What?"

"Desert."

"Don't they hang them or shoot them for that?"

"Not in time of peace. A man is no good if he doesn't want to stay; so we seldom look for them. The worst that could happen is a couple of years in the Charlestown naval prison. But it's too bad. He's a good man."

"Good? Yes, good to put in coal, and sweep, and carry things, and be spoken to as you could not safely speak to a servant," she answered quickly. "But he must not. It's so disgraceful."

While the officer was contriving a safe answer to her puzzling comparisons, she arose with resolution in her eyes, then, while he held up a deprecatory hand to Mr. Arthur, who was about to speak, she marched out and through the train to where Dick sat alone in the rear car, looking out on the river and shipping.

"Mr. Halpin," she said, as she took the seat beside him.

He turned and the anger left his face. Reaching up awkwardly, he got his cap off and held it in his lap, while he stammered: "Miss Arthur. I didn't—how do you do?"

"Mr. Breen has just told me that you mean to leave the navy—to desert."

"Yes. I've had enough of it."

"But you know the consequences? It will ruin you."

"It's hard to ruin a foremast hand, Miss Arthur."

"But the disgrace—think of it. Please do not."

He was silent, and his hand shook as he gripped his cap.

"You know," she went on, "I was in a way connected with your leaving school and home, and I've always wanted to tell you how sorry and ashamed I was, but you never came back; and you cannot wonder that I want to see you succeed."

"There's no success in the navy," he answered doggedly. "The laws forbid it. After years of service and hard study I might become a boatswain or a gunner, and there I'd stop. And I hate the life. No, Miss Arthur, I'll succeed, I promise you that. I'll meet him yet as an equal."

"Whom?"

"Mr. Breen; but I've no chance in the same ship with him. He's got his knife into me now."

"Does he bully you? Oh, I noticed—I was so sorry. Promise me, please, that you will not desert. For my sake——"

"I did something once for your sake," he answered insanely, "and got the worst of it all around. Here's one result. After four years' service I may be body-servant—a bag-carrier—to the man you are to marry."

She started up with two very red cheeks and left him. At the door she halted and turned as though she would have come back, but he was staring sullenly across the car, and the train was entering the New York terminal. So she joined the others.

"I can do nothing with him," she said to Mr. Breen. "He is angry—and—he never has forgiven me. But you can reason with him."

"I? Why should I?"

"You must. You have ill-treated him. There he goes now—between the cars; hurry."

"But why? What for? What am I to do?"

"Catch him. Talk with him. Explain what I cannot. Apologize to him. Yes, you. Put aside your dignity for him—for me. Please—hurry. Oh, please."

"I'm in for it," said the officer dryly. "All right; I'll do all I can for him. Here, Mr. Arthur, will you please leave the grip in the parcel-room at the station, with my name. I'll report, Miss Arthur, if I live through it; but I ought to have some brass knuckles or a club. Good-day."

He hastened on and up Park Row after the tall, blue figure, which he could see over the heads of the crowd. "One sometimes wonders," he muttered as he dodged along, "just what constitutes conduct becoming an officer and a gentleman. As an officer, I ought to call a policeman; as a gentleman, I must do as I'm bid like a little man—run after this unlicked scrapper, pat him on the back, soothe his injured feelings, and forever lose his respect for me as an officer."

He took his eyes off Dick for a moment or two as the crowd impeded him, and when he looked again he was not in sight.

TWENTY-THIRD CHAPTER

WHEN Dick had left the car he hurried past the others and up Park Row in the mood of an Apache at a torture-bee. He had given pain, and savagely he rejoiced. What right had she, in her insolence of beauty and position, to patronize and pity him? He wanted none of her pity.

But underneath this raging was an obtruding consciousness that he had acted like a sulky boy, and for a moment it took charge of his soul—for a moment he would have rushed through fire to reach her and humble himself, and in this moment he turned, to go back, to follow her home, if necessary; but he saw Mr. Breen pushing toward him through the crowd. "Confound him," he growled; "why don't she send her precious brother, too?" He darted into the nearest doorway; it was a pawn-shop with another entrance on William Street, and he passed through, doubling back, and, by a passageway alongside the bridge, reached Park Row again at the foot of the entrance. They were not in sight, and he paused

"No," he muttered, "I won't desert. I'll fight it out to the end. I'll prove myself as good as she or Ensign Breen"

He was less savage now, but more consistent in his resolve, and he crossed City Hall Park, found a barber shop and had his hair cut. The result, as he looked in the mirror, did not please him. His features seemed larger and coarser, and near the borders of the cropped hair were white streaks of skin that had been shaded from the sun. "Spotted, like a brindle cow," he grumbled, "till I bleach out; but I've got to be civilized."

In a near-by clothing store he bought a suit, a hat, some linen and neckwear, which he donned in the dressing room, and then stepped into the street with his uniform in a bundle, almost unrecognizable to a shipmate.

He would pawn his uniform; but unwillingness to meet Mr. Breen prevented his seeking one of the numerous pawnshops in Park Row, so he recrossed the Park, went east below the bridge, turned north and, in Catherine Street, down near the river, found a pawnbroker who advanced five dollars on the suit. He would have purchased it outright for ten, for it was of the finest cloth and flannel, stitched and starred and crow-footed with silk; but down in Dick's rebellious heart was the man-of-war's man's love for his mustering-clothes, and he refused to sell. When he was established as a gentleman it would be a pleasant reminder of the life he had escaped.

His humiliation and anger at noon had prevented his eating much at dinner, and feeling hungry now, and reasoning that Mr. Breen could not remain very long in Park Row, he tramped through the slush to this street of cheap restaurants; for he must economize until he found work. Before a huge dish of hot corn-beef hash he resigned himself to the luxury of being a landsman. "Think of the way mess cooks spoil good grub," he mused as he ate. "Couldn't cook like this if you paid them. Four years and a half in the navy—where you think by regulation—with a boss at each hatchway. No more for me. Ashore, a man has one boss and sleeps in a bedroom with a window in it."

He was again in the street, the warmth of the restaurant behind him, the damp chill of the storm all about him. He must find a boarding house, and look for work in the morning. Nothing better of the first presented itself than a twenty five-cent lodging-house on the Bowery, so he sought one, and sat in the reading-room—to wait for bedtime. About him were all manner of men, in all stages of poverty—all out of work, as evidenced by their depressing, half-hearted conversation. These men were not succeeding on shore, and some were well-educated and intelligent. He tried to read a newspaper, but gave it up; for, either from his well filled stomach—which was beginning to distress him—or from the backward swing of the mental pendulum, he could not keep his mind off the day's happenings. He saw her face with its new expression. He shut his eyes to see it smiling from the window of her home, but the vision would not come; all he could see was shock and pain and embarrassment—the red spots on the cheeks.

In five minutes the reaction had set in strongly; and he reviled himself, doubting his sanity—again in the agonies of dejection and self-contempt. He understood the full force of his brutal speech, not in its effect on her—for he had never dreamed that she had cleared him of the charge which embittered his life—but as it appealed to his manhood and sense of fair play. Then his love for her arose in its strength to punish him. She had come, voluntarily, and apologized for a childish fault, in order that she might beg him, for her sake, not to brand himself with the stain that could in no wise reach her. What did it mean? he asked himself.

He arose and went out into the storm, fighting his way against it to Catherine Street, down which he turned only to find the pawn-shop closed, for it was after six o'clock. He was disappointed; he would have resumed his uniform and gone aboard the ship that evening, to take up the burden she had asked of him; and it now meant a night in the lodging house, which, in his present mood, was repugnant to him. He went slowly back, for he was not feeling well; the dull pain in his stomach had increased, and, under a lamp-post, a sudden fierce gripe brought him up, half bent over, and clinging to the iron post for support. A passer by touched him on the shoulder. It was Mr. Breen, wet and bedraggled, with a tired, angry face.

"Is this you, Halpin? So you've done it, have you?"

"No, Mr. Breen," gasped the subdued Dick. "I've changed my mind. I'm going aboard in the morning, when I get my clothes."

"You're going back," said the disgusted officer. "If I'd known that I'd have done something better with my time than searching every dive in sailor-town for you. May I ask you, in all due humility, what has changed your mind?"

"May I ask you, sir," said Dick, speaking with difficulty, "why you waste your time looking for me?"

"Because a lady asked me to."

"That—is—why—I serve my time, sir—because she asked me—oh———!"

"What's the matter with you? Halpin, what ails you?"

"Stomach-ache, sir. I ate some Park Row hash."

—she turned him in the store. His eyes shifted and came back—she was still gazing at him.

The young officer grinned in spite of his mood. "You want some peppermint or ginger, I should say. Come around the corner, Halpin. It's a tough joint—I was just there—but the nearest, and—any port in a storm."

TWENTY-FOURTH CHAPTER

IT WAS not an ill looking place, as saloons go, to which Mr. Breen assisted Dick. The barroom was small and the bar short, but it was neat and clean. Around the walls were prints and models of ships, brigs and schooners, and on the shelf back of the bar was the inevitable full-rigged ship-in-a-bottle. The floor was covered with clean sawdust, and two round tables, with chairs and convenient cuspidors, crowded the small space available. At one table sat three men, smoking and drinking. Their nondescript dress, gathered in the seaports of two hemispheres, betrayed the merchant sailor, and their blond heads and red faces their Scandinavian birth. They glanced with dead eyes at the two newcomers and went back to their meditations and mutterings. Two men, sober, hard-faced and keen-eyed, arose from the other table and stepped into a rear room, but were called back by the man behind the bar—a large, brawny fellow with beetling eyebrows and a long, pointed nose.

"Want to sit down, gents?" he said. "Good fire in the back room. Bad day, ain't it?"

"Yes," said the Ensign, whose glance at the table seemed to have prompted the man's suggestion. "This—my friend here, is sick. Bring us something hot, and put a good dose of ginger in one."

"Yes, sir. I'll fix 'im up.'

Dick was in dire pain, unable to stand erect, and too humble of mind and weak of will to resist or resent the officer's assistance. They sat down close to a hot stove in the back room, which, besides the table and chairs, contained no furniture or decorations. A door in the side of the wall seemed to lead to another room, and a stairway to the floor above.

"Sailors' boarding house, sir," groaned Dick as he collapsed on the table.

The hot stimulants arrived and were quickly consumed, then Mr. Breen studied the ghastly face opposite him.

"Feel better, Halpin?" he asked at length.

"Yes, sir—a little."

"It isn't often, Halpin, that an officer gets a chance to hobnob with a blue-jacket, but I want to talk with you, and you seem to need it. Circumstances have brought us into contact lately in ways not prescribed by the regulations, and I have noticed an antagonism on your part which I have tried not to earn. Now, I want to ask you—is it because I surprised you at a time when three make a crowd?"

"Well, sir," answered Dick evasively, preferring this view of the case to stand rather than confess his jealousy, "Bess—Miss—the young lady felt very badly."

"Naturally," said the Ensign with a short, dry laugh.

"And then, sir," went on Dick, more truthfully, "you put me under arrest in my own town, when I thought—and I still think—that I was in the right—for——"

"What's the matter? Are you worse?"

Dick had lost all sense of gravitation and physical adjustment. The walls were moving around him and separating from each other and the ceiling. The table seemed tilted, and he gripped it by the edges to prevent its slipping away, while Mr. Breen's earnest face was above him—looking down.

"Hang my fool tongue," muttered the Ensign. "Heaven only knows what's back of this mix. And—and—what ails me, I wonder. I'm light headed. Let's get out, Halpin."

Dick painfully sat erect, lurched backward, pulled himself forward with his hands and got on his feet, only to sink into the chair again.

"I'm drugged, thir," he said thickly. "Look outh—bourd' houthe-crimpth—shanghai." He slid sidewise to the floor and lay still.

The officer scrambled to his feet and staggered to the door, but found it locked.

"Police," he yelled. "Police!" Grabbing table and chairs for support, he made his way to the side door, which also was locked.

"Dry up, in there," said a voice from the bottom.

The Ensign answered incoherently, reeled across the room and fell to the floor; then the door opened and the bartender appeared, followed by two men.

"Shut the door," he snarled. "Them Souwegians ain't none too full."

He searched the pockets of the unresisting men, removed what was of value, and said:

"Up stairs wid 'em. Get 'em ready—and get them two bags in the closet for 'em. Hurry up, now. Tug's goin' down at eight. If they want more dope, sing out."

He went out, unlocked the front door, looked at the three stupid men at the table, took his place behind the bar, and the saloon resumed business.

That evening a tug steamed down the bay through the storm. In the warm pilot house, besides the tug captain, were a shipmaster, a Sandy Hook pilot and a boarding house runner—one of the two men who had got Dick and his officer "ready." Blood money paid by captains for sailors is not due until the goods are delivered; so this runner, as he explained to the tug captain, was going down with the two men who had signed articles that morning, had "jumped their allotment," got drunk and been caught, and now lay on the forward deck in the sleet and snow with their heads pillowed on their clothes-bags—sleeping it off.

Before midnight a ship put to sea; and before she was two days out the whole world had arisen to the news that the United States Battleship Maine had been destroyed in Havana harbor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1901

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of more than 300,000 copies weekly.

The Exaggerations of Reform

THE SPECTATOR some time ago remarked that one of the grave obstacles to political reform in America was the tendency of its friends to exaggerate the evils with which they were fighting. And Matthew Arnold, who, like Mr. Bryce, had been misled by taking the language of our reformers too seriously, remarked that what Americans say about their public men and about politics generally must always be taken with allowance. We are a nervous and somewhat excitable people, and when we get anything on our nerves we are apt to make our statements about it stronger than necessary. Emerson's admonition to Alcott: "Always understate, Mr. Alcott," is good advice for all of us, and not least for our prophets, who hold up to the people the ideal of social righteousness. That they should be taken seriously is indispensable to their success, and on their success depends the very life of the community. Whatever habit, therefore, weakens the popular confidence in their entire accuracy is deplorable on all accounts.

All our reforms take character more or less from the great struggle over slavery, which was our principal instance of successful agitation, as was the struggle against the Corn Laws in England. It is undeniable that the anti-slavery agitators were men and women of distinguished ability, and that they were fighting against an evil as worthy of their steel as any on earth. But it also is to be regretted that the leaders among them, and especially Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips, were men who spared no pains to overstate their case. Mr. Garrison explained to an English visitor his steady abuse of the people who rejected his message by saying that that was the one weapon with which Nature had endowed him, and he felt perfectly justified in using it for so good a purpose. Mr. Phillips used his marvelous gift of rhetorical epigram to strike and sting without mercy. The final overthrow of slavery is held to justify the men who used such weapons, and they are regarded as examples for all who have to fight for unpopular causes. But in truth the strength of the anti-slavery agitation lay with more moderate speakers and writers, like Channing, Emerson and Lincoln.

Lincoln's power over his generation lay in the sense he gave of reality as well as veracity in everything he said. You felt that you were dealing not only with an honest man, but with one who really saw the subject, "and saw it whole," as Matthew Arnold says. And you also felt that the spoken word in his case was the exact expression of what he saw, without any straining at making a case at the expense of fact. Where it would have been far easier for him to produce a popular effect, and to have met Mr. Douglas' arguments in the great debates by exaggeration, he accepted the disadvantage of being just truthful, no more and no less, and of waiting for the truth to find its way.

It is often disheartening to see so much honest zeal for the public good and so much sound criticism of public evils produce so little effect on the popular mind as is indicated by the voting. It excites a fear that the American public mind has become impervious to argument of the ideal kind. But it is not so. As Mr. Schurz says, the average American honestly wants to do the right thing, and to be shown what that is. That he distrusts our political prophets is largely due to their not winning his confidence by calmness of judgment and insight into our political conditions. They do not impress him with the sense of reality.

The real shipping subsidy bill in this country is for the cost of running the Ship of State.

The Swing of the Pendulum

EVERY extreme in opinion, action or feeling contains within itself the germ of an equal reaction. So Tennyson reminds us in his Vision of Sin, as he portrays tyrants as profiting by the overzeal of the champions of liberty, and liberty in turn as profiting by "the tyrant's cruel glee." When he was writing that poem his own country was entering upon a phase of thought, from which it and we have been undergoing a great reaction.

There is much in history to justify the theory that more harm has been done by social meddlesomeness than by neglect, and that the strict policy of letting things alone is good for nations in most cases. In England the "let alone" policy was especially favored by current views of where English interests throughout the world really lay. It was fostered also by a current optimism as to the moral quality of our human nature. It gained much at a somewhat later date from Darwin's proclamation that all biological development has resulted from unrestricted competition for existence among various forms of life—from the "conflict for existence and survival of the fittest." The Prince Consort, and the group of intellectual men who had gathered around him were the especial patrons of this theory, and the Saturday Review remarked that about the year 1850 "England adopted a new religion made up of Free Trade and the plenasanter parts of Christianity."

The applications of the theory were often in unexpected quarters. In medicine, for instance, it was the parent of the "hardening" policy in dealing with the young. It was taken for granted that children were weak and sickly because they were pampered too much; and just as "infant industries" were to be the better for unlimited competition, so infant humans were to be the hardier for standing the cold. They were washed in the coldest water, sent out into the wintry air with bare knees, and often bare arms, and otherwise set to "endure hardness" in their early days. More especially they were not to be "pampered" with delicate food, and as the Queen's children learned to eat oatmeal, nearly all the children of the British Islands and many in America were put upon a diet which a plowman can digest, but which has made three-fifths of the Scotch life-long dyspeptics. A minority throve under this treatment, as it would under any; the majority either were weakened for life, or went early to swell the Bills of Mortality.

Now we are at the other extreme of opinion. Governments have ceased to "let alone" anything they think they can do better than can private persons. British municipalities rebuild slum districts, buy out street car systems, and generally undertake to "run the town." Post-offices are converted into express agencies and savings-banks. The general ownership of railroads and telegraphs is seriously urged on grounds of public convenience. State ownership of land is already introduced into New Zealand and favored in other parts of the British Empire, especially in Ireland; and Mr Gladstone's Irish Land Acts went far to justify this additional step.

Fifty years ago it was well to insist that society had some responsibility for the general movement, and that governments could not with safety be reduced to the functions of the policeman. Now it is well to insist that the individual cannot be superseded by government without a great loss to the self-reliance, the individuality, and the enterprise of the race. At any rate, if we must become socialists, let us do so not by drifting into that scheme of society, but by an intelligent decision that it is better than personal liberty of industrial action. And if we have reached the conclusion that human nature is too bad to be trusted with any power that is not under social control, let us avow our mutual contempt openly and fearlessly before men and angels.

ROBERT PEETS THOMPSON

The Philippines are contributing to American greatness—especially to the greatness of the pension list.

Beauty in the Larger Things

AMERICAN life is fast becoming urban. A century ago one person in twenty lived in a city. To-day it is one person in three. A century ago we had considerable civic beauty of at least a negative kind. Our buildings were, perhaps, plain and simple, but the sky lines of the streets were good, the setting of isolated buildings was ample and attractive, the sky was unsullied by smoke, the walls and roofs and landscape were undisfigured by hideous advertisements.

We had no private or public palaces, no magnificent churches, no "emporiums," no handsome schoolhouses, no parks. But our solid, well-built Colonial houses were more homelike, more suited to a democratic people than our monotonous brown-stone fronts and Queen Anne cottages. If we had no parks, we had no need of any, for fields and woods were within a half hour's walk of every market place.

We knew little of art or of beauty when our cities were more beautiful than they are to-day. To-day our art museums, our art schools, our art exhibitions, our shops crowded with oriental rugs and precious curios, our parlors filled with bric-à-brac and "ornaments," would seem to imply that we are fast becoming lovers of beauty.

Lovers of beauty in small things we certainly are. No homes in the world contain so many separate, beautiful objects as American homes. To be sure, they are frightfully crowded; we insist on displaying every single thing that we possess, at once, even if the vases must stand three deep on the mantel. The *tout-ensemble* is sometimes an absurd hodge-podge, but the individual objects are often good. We work hard for them, and try to extract much pleasure from them. But here we stop; beauty outside our front door does not interest us—ugliness does not distress us. An apartment house that ruins the sky line of Boston's finest avenue does not disturb a connoisseur on paintings. A Japanese bronze, a new watercolor, is of more interest to the presidents of our art clubs than the placing of a new city hall. Every woman's club in the country has its art department, or, as one club designates it, "Department of Art and Architecture!" And its members, for the most part, study photographs and hear lectures on the Old Masters.

Meanwhile, our cities, taken as distinct from their parks, which are often very creditable, are in many respects growing more ugly every day, and less desirable for normal home life. Boston, whose natural advantages are almost unrivaled in the world, has in the last fifty years been steadily throwing away magnificent opportunities for beauty. Any city in Europe would have been ashamed to line with back yards its splendid frontage on Charles River Basin. The whole shore could within fifty years have been bought for the price of one block now, and a great water park have been made accessible to the people.

If experts, planning for the future instead of politicians planning for the present, had been in charge, Boston would not have to day only one great civic building that does her credit, and she would have paid no more for giving a monumental setting to her buildings than for the crowded corners where they stand obscure and insignificant.

Chicago masses its business in one tiny section of its great, black area, and then sprawls abroad over such extent as makes the decent paving of residence streets too expensive to be possible. Like most American cities, built on the checker-board plan, it gives small opportunity for the monumental treatment of any public building. At enormous expense, the municipality is now trying to regain some of its lake-front and to retrieve the gross blunder of letting it fall into the hands of the railroads.

In every great city sky-scrapers are darkening neighboring property and are congesting sidewalks, subways and elevated roads with the new acres of humanity which they add to every business district; and no place, even the border of parkways, is exempt from the screaming advertisement that will give the eye no rest. To the man who knows what sane, normal life is; who does not consider money to be always synonymous with happiness, and who wants his children to love the good, the true, and the beautiful, our great cities present a terrible problem. It is all the more terrible because so few consciously suffer.

What is needed to-day is a great new awakening to the possibilities of civic beauty. The planning of a city is something that the American mind has not as yet even conceived as desirable. We plan our business, we plan our clothes, we plan our vacations, but the one thing that we never plan, but allow to develop by whim, or chance, or jobbery, is the one thing of all others that is most permanent and most vital to every human interest. —LUCIA AMES MEAD

Every city in America admits the urgent necessity of an honest election in every other city.

The Indispensable Commonplace

THE human mind is easily fascinated by the extraordinary. Whatever is superlative in its way becomes at once the absorbing topic of conversation. The richest man in the world, the fastest horse in the world, the biggest fool in the world—the press makes these the subjects of its comments, to the exclusion of the things which are not phenomenal.

But wise minds will not forget that the world wags on, that commerce, industry, art and life maintain the balance of things, by the undisturbed progress of the commonplace.

Ordinary people, ordinary duties, ordinary opportunities, make up the indispensable qualities of life. "One rain-drop falling on moor or meadow or mountain; one flake of snow melting into the immeasurable sea, is, and forever must be, the symbol of most men's acts and character."

The workingman who becomes dissatisfied with the monotony of his daily task with its daily wage; the housewife who frets herself into ill-temper because of the "ceaseless round of little cares;" the schoolboy who chafes under the unexciting details of a humdrum existence; all these have need to be reminded that life in its largest relations—the State, the race, the wide, wide world—is dependent upon life in its most limited environment; upon the common worker, the common weaver, the common weal.

The hewer of wood and drawer of water is as necessary to the plan by which society exists as are the judge, the senator, the magistrate. A watch marks time quite as much by the assistance of the smallest part of its mechanism as by the mainspring or the balance-wheel. The State—that is to say, organized society—is such a machine. It has its dial and hands. These are visible and prominent. But behind these, out of sight, and out of thought, save to those who have looked into the elaborate construction of it all, are the common parts, upon whose regular motion the whole depends.

—CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON

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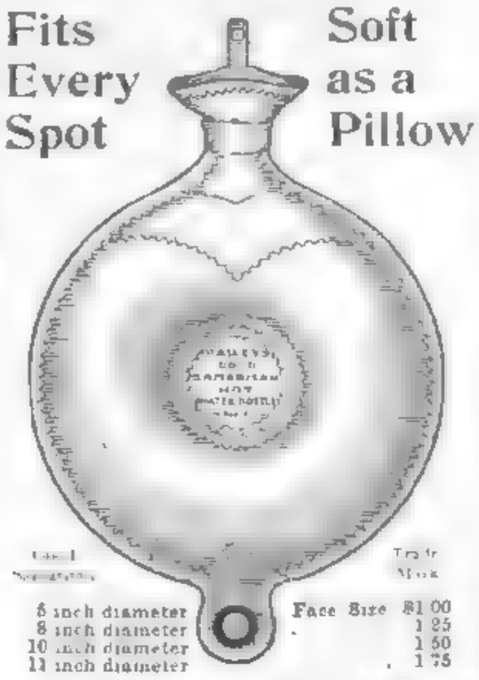

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Men & Women of the Hour

Mr. Hays and His Lordship

Mr. Charles M Hays is one of the great railroad men of the United States. He was general manager of the Grand Trunk road through Canada, owned by an English syndicate, and he has been recently elected President of the Southern Pacific, in place of the late Mr. Collis P. Huntington.

Mr. Hays is looked upon as one of the sternest rulers in the railroad world, and he is autocratic and firm, but just. He is an Easterner, and was appointed General Manager of the Canadian road through the influence of Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, who, after a visit to America, believed that the only way to make the Grand Trunk road powerful and successful was to appoint an American as manager of it.

Mr. Charles M. Hays was then given the position, with absolute control of the road and of the people employed in its service. He went into the work on that condition—that he was to control it thoroughly, reshaping the system and reorganizing the force in whatever way he deemed best for the good of the road. It was agreed between him and the English controllers that there was too little one-head management.

Mr. Hays said that he knew, although the talk sounded well, that when he actually began the work of upsetting the system and of dropping off men whom he didn't want, there would be questioning and perhaps dispute. He knew that the only way to establish his authority was to nip any such dispute in the bud. His word must go unquestioned, or he couldn't succeed

Sure enough, when he cut off an English nobleman who was of no service on the road, but who was allied to high social life in England, the man at once questioned his authority to do such a thing and told him that he would hear from England very shortly. And Mr. Hays did hear. A cable came from England, asking if he didn't consider it better not to drop this man. He cabled back that the man was already dismissed

Then came a letter, asking why he had done it, and telling of the man's social influence at home

Mr. Hays knew that this was the time to act or never. He must be in charge absolutely, or he must resign. There could be no half-way measures if the road were to be a success. He must assert the authority given him, even if in a way that seemed obstinate

So he wrote back: "It may be that I do not like the color of the man's eyes; it may be that I do not like the tone of his voice; it may be that I do not like the way he parts his hair. Whatever the reason, I have found it necessary to dismiss him."

And from that day the English syndicate never interfered with the management of Mr. Hays

General Miles' Tiger Days

Now that General Nelson A. Miles has become Lieutenant General of the Army, it is interesting to recall his first introduction into the military atmosphere. It was in Boston, very early in 1861, the winter immediately preceding the outbreak of the Civil War. Mr. Thomas Huddleston, a well known and popular member of the militia organization known as the Boston Light Infantry, or more familiarly as the "Tigers," was on his way to the drill-room in Boylston Hall one evening, when he was accosted by a young man, a clerk in a local store, who asked him where he was bound. Mr. Huddleston answered that he was on his way to an hour's drill with his company. The young man joined him and walked along a way, discussing the stormy appearance of the political skies and the dire possibilities of the next few months

"I have no doubt it would do me good to join such a company as yours," said he presently. "If it were only for the regular exercise it would be worth my while. But you fellows are very select—I don't know that I could get in if I tried."

"I'll answer for that," responded Huddleston warmly. "Come along with me, and we'll see how far my word goes with the boys."

There was no doubt of Huddleston's popularity. He had merely to propose the name of his young acquaintance, and the company suspended their usual rules, voted the newcomer in as a member, and stood him up in the awkward squad with a musket in his hand

Night after night the latest recruit came to the drills and worked as if his heart were in it. Everybody noticed his wonderful quickness at learning the manual, and praised him. Presently he dropped out as suddenly as he had entered the organization. His associates noticed his absence and could not account for it. They twitted Huddleston about it, declaring that his protégé had got sick of the task of drilling. Huddleston defended the absentee manfully.

"I'll answer for my man," declared Huddleston. "He'll be at the front before the rest of us are, if I'm any judge."

Sure enough, a few weeks later he met his friend in the street, clad in a bright new uniform. The young man stopped him to shake hands, and, taking from his pocket a commission as lieutenant just issued to him by the Governor of Massachusetts, said quietly: "You see, I've profited by that training you gave me. If I ever amount to anything I shall owe it to our chance encounter that night in Washington Street."

Sixteen years later it was the privilege of the toastmaster at a reunion dinner of the survivors of the old Light Infantry to propose the health of "Our grand old comrade, Tom Huddleston, and his young Tiger recruit, Colonel Nelson A. Miles, of the Fifth United States Infantry!"

Why the Boy Rung Off

Judge Reed, who is the junior member of the law firm that is counsel for the Carnegie system, is a man who is used to getting what he wants. His determination is as great as his stature. There was one occasion, however, when he didn't get what he wanted, after trying hard and spending much money. The failure was due to the entire indifference of his young heir, who is a person of no small importance and power in the delightful Reed household in Pittsburg

Added to his position as legal adviser to the Carnegie concern, Judge Reed is president of the Pittsburg, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railway.

He was in New York on business for this road, and found himself cut off by the tremendous blizzard of two winters ago, that blocked trains, blew down wires, and performed the usual antics of an American blizzard

Judge Reed knew that Mrs. Reed was in a nervous condition and not well, and that she would be very anxious and frightened in such a storm if she couldn't hear from him, as she expected him home that day. He went into the telephone station at the hotel and tried to connect with Pittsburg, but the operator couldn't manage it. He could not get a telegram through for the wires were not working. The land was ice-bound and wind-swept, and for that day, at least, all traffic was well nigh suspended.

He went to a railroad telephone, thinking he could use his influence to get some personal word through. But this could not be done. The wires could not connect with his house. Well, the Judge tried every available thing for the next two or three hours, in the city of New York, bringing his influence and power to bear in his attempt to get what he wanted.

He became interested in the chase. He was not used to being thwarted, and he made up his mind that if he took the whole day to it, he would get a message through to Mrs. Reed

Finally, he got a telephone connection. He and a Wall Street telephone operator had worked it out like a mathematical problem. The wire had been called all around Pittsburg, and had finally gotten up to Judge Reed's house, through a series of adventures that would have done credit to a modern historical novel. When the ring was answered, he was told it was impossible to keep the wire except for a little while, and that he must therefore speak quickly, and at once.

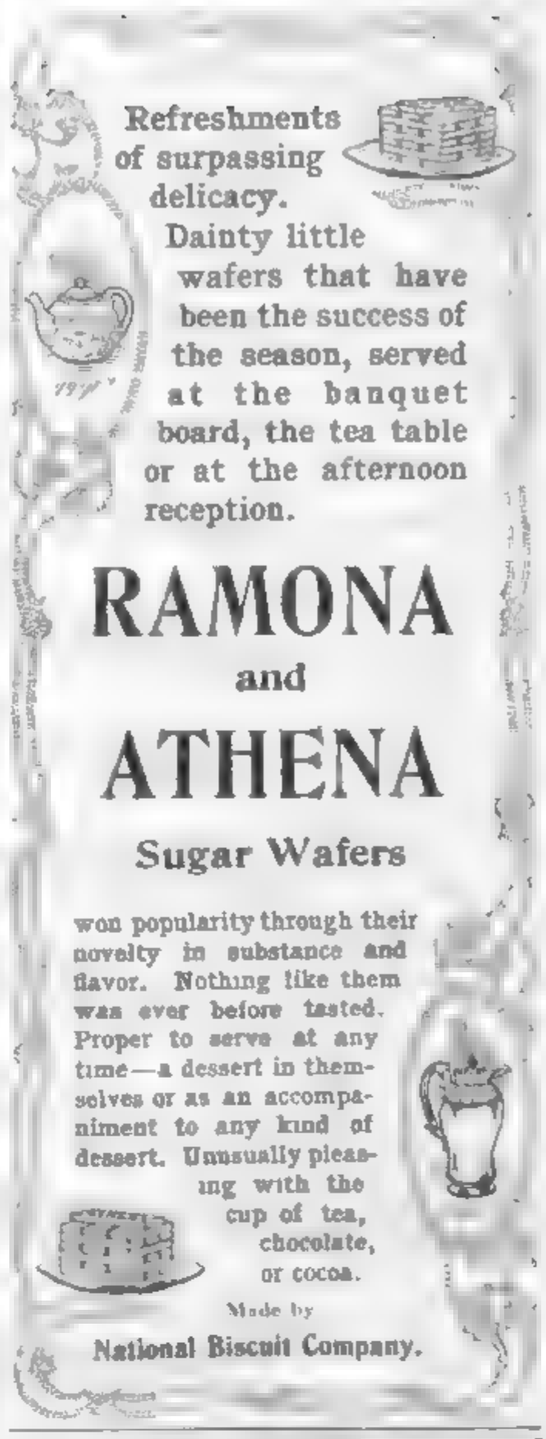
"Is that you, Jim?" called out Judge Reed, recognizing his small son at the 'phone.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Well, this is your father. I am in New York. Tell your mother that——"

"All right, sir," said the boy, and hung up the receiver.

"And what do you think the little rascal's excuse for his carelessness was?" said Judge Reed. "That he was playing a game of billiards with another boy, and had to have his back or the boy might move his ball!



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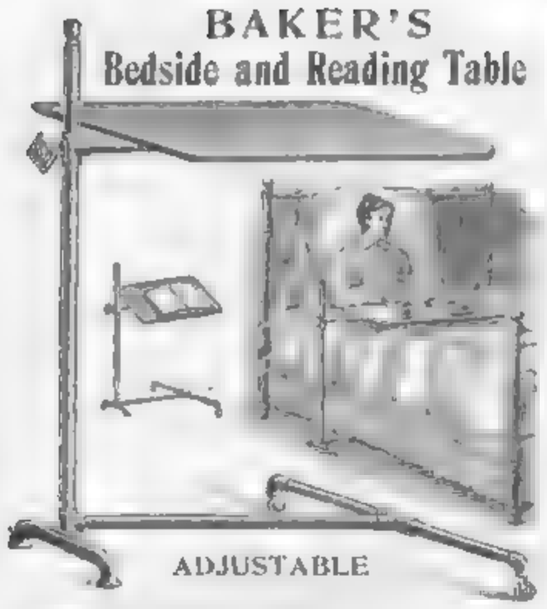

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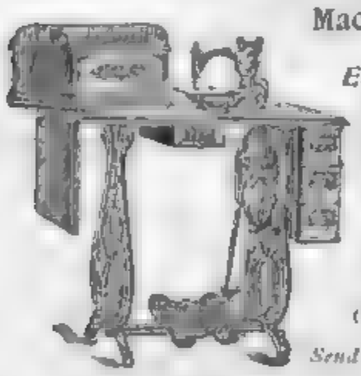

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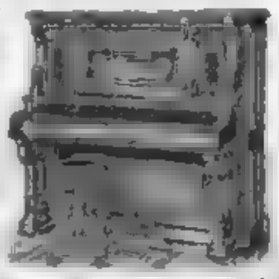

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Not many years ago a man was paying taxes on $700,000 worth of property. He died. In a few months the figures of his wealth were reported to the courts as more than $70,000,000. In every big fortune in recent years the taxes were paid upon the thousands while the millions escaped

There has been an enormous increase in benevolences. Colleges and philanthropies have been established by the generosity of our modern millionaires. But in spite of all that has been done, in spite of the large sums that have been left to charity and education, the tendency of modern wills has been to perpetuate the big fortunes, to keep intact the millions which the founders of the family wealth have made. Thus it is that wealth is creating prejudices against itself.

The poor man who owns a little house pays double taxes. The very rich man who has millions pays on only a partial rate. Inevitably there has followed that feeling against great wealth which finds expression in laws passed to secure for the public a larger share of the money left by rich men.

The inheritance tax comes to us from the Romans. Under the Civil Law Emperor Augustus placed a tax of five per cent. for the support of the Roman army upon certain legacies and inheritances

Most of the States of the Union have inheritance taxes; but the first of all to pass such a law was Pennsylvania. In 1826 the legislature enacted a statute imposing a tax upon collateral inheritances. There have been certain modifications in the act; but it is an interesting comment upon the trend of legislation that each new law has practically been a reproduction of the old statute enacted three quarters of a century ago.

The Government's System

A few weeks ago THE SATURDAY EVENING POST asked the State Department about the facts of inheritance taxes throughout the world. A reply was received stating that it would make the inquiries of the various Consuls, and a few days ago the reports were received, giving full details on this important subject. The people of our country have only a slight appreciation of the splendid system of collecting information which the State Department has established and perfected. Practically all the universities and many of the writers of the country depend upon this thorough and conscientious work. It has been a matter of growth, of development, and of educational persuasion, and the results have been more than worth all the trouble and expense involved.

And so one small letter has brought forth from the four corners of the earth reports that will make a volume in the archives of the nation, and that will be cited from one end of the country to the other as a most valuable contribution to the literature of the economics of the times

Almost a Hundred Millions

Do not be afraid of the plain facts which follow. It is worth your while to study them. Of all countries in the world the death duties have probably worked the best results in Great Britain, and the figures which you will read below are official, and this is probably the first time they have been collected so thoroughly. They show how the income of the British government, from this single source, has increased in one hundred years from a few thousands of pounds to many millions. It is an impressive demonstration of the practical working of this law.

The particulars concerning the death, estate and succession duties of Great Britain are based on the forty third report of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Inland Revenue for the year ending March 31, 1900.

The available returns regarding death duties go back to the year 1796. In that year the legacy duty, which was then the only death duty producing any substantial amount of revenue, yielded £33,734 ($168,670), and down to 1812 the annual product of the duties never reached one million pounds sterling

In 1812 an alteration was made in the system of collection under which the Legacy Duty Office was furnished with copies of wills admitted to probate, and the claims for legacy duty were entered from these wills by the staff of the office. Previously the claims had been based on the extracts of wills, and on accounts of letters of administration made by the registrars of the various courts and so arranged as to disclose the claims for duty.

The alteration soon made itself felt, for in 1813 the death duties amounted to over one million pounds sterling

Prior to the Succession Duty Act of 1853 the amount realized was £2,515,638

The total yield from the death duties in the year ending March 31, 1900, was £18,409,203 ($92,046,465), compared with £15,732,578 ($78,662,890) in 1898, and was made up as follows.

Estate duty	$71,591,490
Probate duty	[illegible]
Account duty	[illegible]
Temporary estate duty	[illegible]
Legacy duty	16,07[illegible]
Succession duty	[illegible]
Corporation duty	[illegible]
	$92,046,465

The following table illustrates the gradual rise of the death duties

YEAR	
1887	$37,180,100
1897	69,391,370
1900	92,046,465

The increase in the receipts in the year ending March 31, 1900, was partly due to the number of estates subject to the duties having increased from 59,752 to 67,338, partly to some exceptionally heavy individual payments, and partly to the high price at which first-class securities stood during 1899. The total capital which came under taxation in the year was approximately £426,481,000 ($2,132,405,000), compared with £375,993,000 ($1,879,965,000) in 1898-99.

In France and Germany

These are original figures collected by the Government and are worthy of careful consideration. In addition to the great changes that war has wrought in the world, there have been very important transformations in legislation and statesmanship. You read your daily paper carefully, but you probably do not recall that, in the lower branch of the French legislature, a bill has been passed establishing a graduated duty on all inheritances. It is one of the most important pieces of legislation in the world at the present time. It places a tax that varies from one per cent and two and one-half per cent, in the direct line, and between fifteen per cent. and eighteen and one-half per cent. as between strangers and blood connections, according as the amount is less than $386 or more than $19,300. The purpose is to get from private estates a larger percentage of all fortunes that are left to individuals

France's inheritance taxes have yielded:

YEAR	
[illegible]	$ 4,961,245
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

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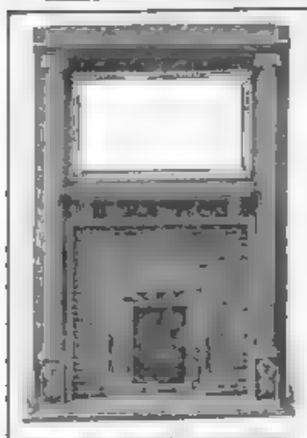

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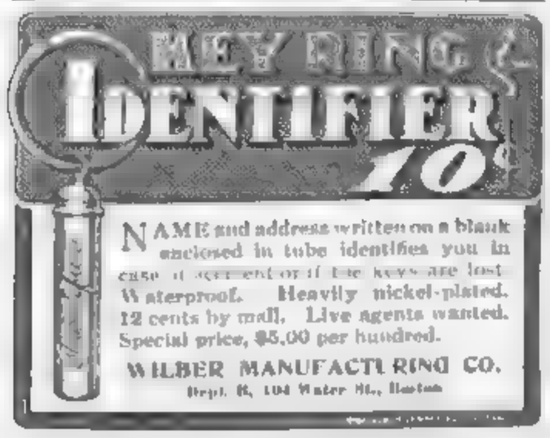

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The Society Man of Fifty Years Ago

(*Concluded from Page 9*)

Almost more remarkable than this is the change in regard to physical education. Fifty or sixty years ago the few games played by boys or even college students were of the most elementary description. There were primitive forms of baseball, football and cricket, there were perhaps skating and swimming in their respective seasons, and there were occasional sparring lessons; these were all. An outdoor gymnasium had been introduced at Harvard by a German professor, and abandoned; indoor gymnasiums were only just beginning, on a very small scale, and were conducted by ignorant men, and all the modern system of large establishments, thoroughly furnished and under the charge of educated teachers, was yet undreamed of. Even to be addicted to athletic sports was rather a ground for suspicion in our institutions of learning, and I can remember to have been personally reproached for retaining boyish tastes, because, at seventeen, I still played football. There was a Harvard tradition of a certain eminent man afterward Chief Justice of New Jersey, who had been called before the Harvard faculty and reproved for keeping a boat on Fresh Pond. Upon his asking the ground of objection to this the college laws were searched, and he was informed that there was a law forbidding any student from keeping a domestic animal, and that a boat was construed to be a domestic animal within the meaning of the statute. It is needless to say that the world of healthy sports in the direction of cycling, golf, polo, tennis, and even croquet, was still at a remote distance.

The Hard Drinking of the Past

In respect to food and drink, it is to be remembered that, at the period now described, old-fashioned habits prevailed and people habitually dined, even in American cities, at one or two o'clock. The enormous advantage of digestion of the late dinner had not yet been discovered, and even business men took their most substantial meal at noon, in the hastiest manner possible, and hastened back to their business.

I remember pointing out this disadvantage of the noonday dinner—namely, that it led to hurry—to the late Mrs. George Ticknor, probably the most stately and dignified woman who ever lived or died in Boston. She drew herself up to her majestic height and said: "I think you must be mistaken. I entertained company for a great many years in Boston and had all eminent strangers dine with me. There never was any hurry visible at *my* table." I should think not, indeed! But it was nevertheless true that for college students a noonday dinner was the poorest arrangement, and the dyspeptic student, now rare, was then a familiar subject for treatment.

Five o'clock tea was only invented by the Duchess of Bedford about 1857, and the sight of a tea-service in a student's room would then have been considered wildly absurd, and a six o'clock dinner quite unhealthful.

In respect to drinking, it seems hard to believe that when the Rev. Dr. Abiel Holmes, father of Oliver Wendell, went to Yale College, in 1779, "his mother equipped him with a Dutch liquor case containing six large bottles filled with the various kinds of strong waters, probably brandy, rum, gin and whiskey," or that his son, on Exhibition Day at Harvard, nearly fifty years later, laid in a considerable stock of wine, with the full consent of his parents, so that his room was for several days a scene of revelry. It suggests the tradition of Wordsworth's confessing that he once got drunk at Cambridge, England, upon which Mr. Shorthouse, the author of John Inglesant, charitably remarked that "in all probability Wordsworth's standard of intoxication was miserably low." Even fifty years ago the standard of external morality at least was certainly less high than now, it being a period when the graduating class at Harvard College was still accustomed to spend the afternoon of Class Day around Liberty Tree with unlimited pails of punch open to all comers.

A similar elevation of at least the external standard is seen in other ways. Robbing orchards, for instance, which would now be considered exceedingly bad form at Harvard, then hurt no youth's reputation. I should be afraid to claim that any deeper gain in morality corresponded to this, but there has been undoubtedly some elevation of tone in minor matters.

The Decline of Romance and Sentiment

When it comes to the deeper aspects of character, there is undoubtedly less prominence now given to the imagination and more to the practical aspects of life than in the days when Emerson and Poe and Hawthorne first made themselves famous. There is, especially in the relations of young people, less of visible romance and sentiment than formerly, and indeed the literature of the age bears witness to this both in prose and verse.

The period described by Emerson when "the youth becomes a watcher of windows" is certainly less obvious, or at least is kept more concealed or passes by more rapidly; but, on the other hand, the great development of physical training for both sexes and the open-air life which now prevails must be counted on the side of the present day in the direction of health and wholesomeness.

Believing as I do that the foundations of all human emotion are healthy and secure, I have no doubt that marriages are formed on the whole as simply and sincerely as they ever were; nor has the increase of wealth done much to interfere with them, except of course in the case of foreign fortune-hunters. Yet I must confess, having been brought up under the old régime, that it is commonly the romantic or simply imprudent marriages which interest me most, and I still take as I have opportunity some pleasure in promoting them. Nothing lays so good a foundation for marriage, I think, as to have some worldly obstacles to conquer and some mutual sacrifices to make.

The Passing of Bohemia

THIRTY years ago there was a "literary set" in London. Now the artists, actors and writers are so many that the set is split into fragments. Aristotle, who set a severe limit to the size of a republic, would be pleased to see his theory proved in the Republic of Letters.

The New Vagabonds' Club has tried to bring together the workers with brush, pen and pencil by setting them to dine together once a month. By the aid of opera-glasses you may see your fellow craftsman, and even detect Mr. Hall Caine drinking the second best champagne. That is all it amounts to. It is scarcely *camaraderie*. There is, however, the Savage Club, which still flourishes a door or two away from the Arundel's old quarters, and there are probably few American men of letters who have not experienced a Savage Club Saturday night concert. The Savage Club Saturday on Adelphi Terrace holds something of the position of the Figaro "five o'clock" in Paris.

But the Savage cannot show an equivalent to the mysterious member of the Arundel who walked in at six every morning—as the others were going off to bed—ordered supper, and sat down to write his article for an evening paper.

With the exception of the Savage there is scarcely a Bohemian Club in London worth mentioning. Literary men have become so very respectable. At the Savile you may find a sprinkling of writers. Mr. G. S. Street—who has unaccountably disappeared from the last page of the Pall Mall Magazine—may be encountered in the smoking room, and even Mr. Kipling, during his rare visits to London, is occasionally visible. You will meet Mr. Clement Shorter at the Devonshire and see Mr. L. F. Austin at his accustomed writing-table, concocting the Note Book for the Illustrated London News, which he inherited from Mr. James Payn.

But perhaps the most notable of London clubs concerned with literature is the Authors'. Here the lion and the lamb lie together and simultaneously; the author mentioning his merits and the publisher depreciating his profits. This is a distinct step toward friendly relations between Grub Street and Paternoster Row.

The Monday evening dinners at the Authors' Club have become a feature in London literary life; but the most interesting hour is that from five to six in the afternoon. Mr. Frankfort Moore is there with his touch of Irish brogue and something more than a touch of Irish humor; Mr. Percy White, another society novelist, who looks more like a guardsman than a penman; Mr. Morley Roberts, too, who has never lost the look of a bushman. You feel that if you did not give way on a question of spelling he would shoot.

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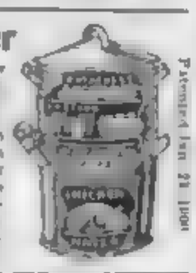

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Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

GOLDSMITH tells us that "to divest politics of ceremony is the most certain method of bringing it into contempt."

This must have been in the minds of the framers of our Constitution when they provided for the formalities of the electoral count. I went to the House the day of the count to witness this ceremony, which has been in vogue since 1804, but which seemed to me to be superfluous and quite out of fashion with the times, but without which, it would seem, the nominations and elections of last year would have been vain.

Senator P—— had taken me into the Vice-President's chamber some days before to show me the absurd-looking little steel safe in which were reposing the various packages of certified votes of each State as they had been received. This little safe was rigged up with electric wires and alarm bells as protection against any marauder who might perchance have designs on these precious tokens of a people's will. He explained to me that there is quite a rivalry among States as to which shall deliver its certificate first, the palm being usually carried off by Maryland, she having but a few hours' journey to the Capitol.

On the day of the count, when the Sergeant-at-Arms came marching into the House, where the ceremony was held, accompanied by two small boys, each staggering under the load of a brass-bound mahogany box, I could think of nothing but two diminutive coffins being borne to their last resting place. When it was all over, and the strange, glad tidings that William McKinley had been elected President of the United States for the term beginning March 4, 1901, had been announced, the Senate and spectators filed out solemnly.

I went in search of Robert immediately and persuaded him and Senator P—— to take me in to luncheon in the Senate café. When we were seated I fell to making fun of the electoral count.

"Well, these electoral counts sometimes contain surprises," said Senator P——. "During the troubled times when the country for months did not know whether Tilden or Hayes would be inaugurated every one expected something to happen when the result was determined. I remember that Sam. Randall was Speaker of the House and Senator Terry was President *pro tem.* of the Senate, and on the day when the Commission announced the decision Sam. Randall wheeled around in his chair and deliberately turned his back to the President of the Senate, and showed the utmost hostility to him, and the whole House was in terror lest there should be some popular outburst, but both parties were playing for high stakes and the Republicans won. And," continued the Senator, "fancy the surprise when the vote was counted at Monroe's second election, when it was supposed that all the electors' votes were for him, and it was found upon opening the New Hampshire package that an elector had bolted, alleging that he wanted George Washington to be the only man handed down to history as being unanimously elected."

"The only funny thing to-day," said I, "was Mr. Grosvenor's slip in giving the vote of Colorado to William J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt. That was certainly a queer slip."

"Yes, Grosvenor got rather mixed up. But you see," said Robert, "this session has been sandwiched with so many ceremonies that it is not surprising that there are slips. Every other week or so the House has been turned upside down in celebration of some man or event. Our real relaxation is to be found in the cloakroom, when we can snatch a few minutes.

Only a little while ago Joe Cannon was amusing us in the cloakroom. Various members who go out this session were in there, and were saying that they were glad to get out of public life so that they could attend to their own affairs.

"'Oh come, boys,' said Cannon; 'that's all stuff! I remember back in '92, when the Republican party was snowed under, that a lot of us went down in the wreck and I was in that wreck. I had a friend named Mac (never mind his other name; it is one that

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of letters by the author of **The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.**

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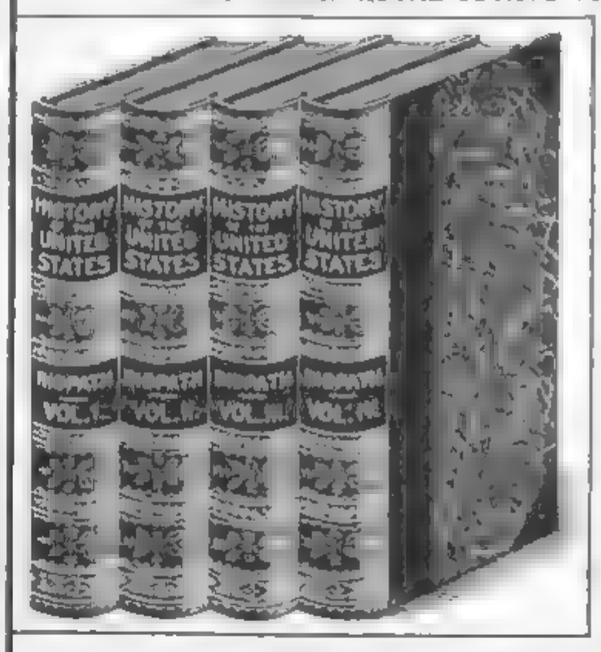

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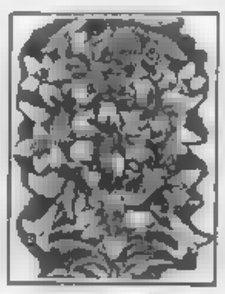

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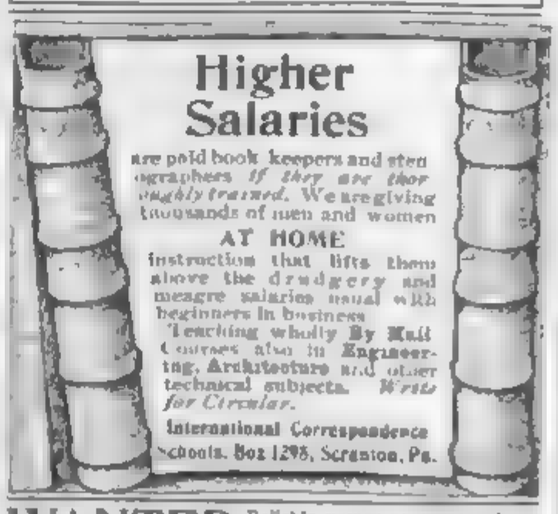

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you all know well), and Mac and I met to talk over the situation. I was pretty blue, but he was eloquent over the opportunity given him at last to leave public life and give his attention to his neglected business. I listened to him as long as I could, but at last it was too much for my patience, so I said: "'See here, Mac, don't let's lie to one another.'"

"That's very like Cannon," smiled the Senator. "At dinner the other night the men were running Wolcott about his alleged intention to quit Colorado for New York after he retires from the Senate, and a fellow-denizen of Colorado remarked:

"'When the statement that my esteemed friend Wolcott was to leave Colorado reached our State so many dry eyes were never known in the State before.'

"And speaking of elections lost and won, I remember a good thing of Ike Hill's, the Sergeant-at-Arms. I remember he came home from a campaign some years ago and was asked by a fellow-Democrat:

"'Well, Ike, how's the election going to go?'

"'Oh, we've got 'em sure if they don't *buy* us!'"

All three of us were immensely tickled by this, and I said:

"Well, there never seems to be any end to the antics of Congress, and the antics of its members. If I ever catch Robert cutting any capers in the Senate I'll defeat him for reelection."

"Well," said the Senator, "if you are afraid of the bad company of Senators you must teach Slocum that old Russian proverb, a version of which one of our wags got off in the Senate the other day: 'When you walk, pray once; when you get married, pray twice; but when you go to the Senate, pray all the time and don't quit.'"

"Mrs. Slocum," said Robert, "has two great concerns for my future conduct in the Senate. She tells me that I shall never use the Senatorial privilege of calling a fellow-Senator a liar, and that I shall never on any account wear a striped shirt such as Lodge wears; I feel that I am to be deprived of two great Senatorial rights if I decide to regard her wishes."

"You remember, don't you, Mrs. Slocum," said Senator P——, "the impromptu toast that Joe Choate responded to when it was offered at a dinner in New York—'To the new woman?' He rose gravely, and raising his glass high, said:

"'Here is to woman! Once our superior, now—our equal.'"

The conversation turned to inaugurals and the Senator said: "During the preparations for an inaugural, some years ago, the parade was given over to General Sherman for his sole management, and it was known to be in such able hands that no one thought to keep an eye on the General to see what he was about. When it was within a short time of March 4 complaints began to pour in from all parts of the country to the Chairman of the Inaugural Committee. They came from Governors of States, from militia companies, from civic organizations, from harmony lodges and from business men. The Inaugural Committee hustled around to interview General Sherman and find out what the hitch was. They were horror-stricken to find that he had not made one single effort for any display save for that of the regular troops.

"'Why, bless my soul, gentlemen!' exclaimed the astonished General when he was remonstrated with; 'no one will care to look at militia or civic organizations when the regulars are by. I never considered 'em at all.'

"When Martin Van Buren was inaugurated, 'Matty,' as his intimates called him, made a very fine appearance in the parade. Both Webster and Clay attended him in the procession, and an absurd yarn is handed down of these two men. They were forever getting off quips and jests at each other's expense, and while the procession was moving along in all its pomp and circumstance, they spied from their open carriage a drove of hogs being driven in a Southern direction. Clay eyed them a minute, then said with a chuckle:

"'Ah, Webster, here come some of your constituents.'

"'Yes,' replied Black Dan, without moving a muscle of his dark face; 'so I see. They are moving South, Mr. Clay, to teach your constituents manners.'"

"And here comes some one to tell you, Senator P——," said Robert, "that the Senate wants a quorum."

The Senator sighed and arose. Our merry hour was over.

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Concerning Bad Men. By Owen Wistar.

The Wolf-Hunt. By Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

The African Elephant at Home. By Ewart Scott Grogan, the only man that ever crossed Africa from the Cape to Cairo.

The Charm of English Gardens, with reproductions of remarkable photographs. By Neltje Blanchan, author of "Bird Neighbors."

Other features are: "A Pauper Romance," "Transatlantic Telephoning," "A Monster Tunnel Under the Sea," "Photography as a Fine Art," "The Making of a Country Home," "An Easter Card," "Buldy Jones," "Joscelyn Cheshire," etc.

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Pumpkin: The Story of a French Dragoon

(Concluded from Page 5)

Pelot and Bonchard thought this pure braggadocio—which it was—but it made Marie think she had married the coolest, bravest fellow in the world, and Marie liked coolness and bravery. Meanwhile Pumpkin's heart was in his boots. Pelot and Bonchard did not resent Pumpkin's words—they only laughed.

When they reached Paris and rolled into the great Gare du Nord, Pumpkin jumped out and assisted Marie with the greatest gallantry. His former friends marched off, and Pelot said:

"Now mind, Pumpkin, you may not want to speak to us now, but next time we meet you will have something to say." And he went through the motion of sticking a knife into his companion.

That night Pumpkin wrote a letter to Captain Dufour. It was short and ill-spelled, but it conveyed his meaning: "Look out, my Captain. Pelot and Bonchard are after us."

But for these two creatures Pumpkin would have been the happiest man in the world. Marie was a dear little thing—a good housekeeper, and always in a pleasant humor. Liberty was sweet after serving in the ranks, and Paris was glorious after three years of a provincial town. But Fear took up its permanent abode with Pumpkin. It walked with him by day and watched by him all night. Every pleasant thing he did brought to his mind, "It is the last time."

He put all his heart and strength into keeping Marie in ignorance of his state of mind, and, strange to say, succeeded. It only made him the more tender toward her—and a woman sees nothing when the man she loves is tender toward her.

The records in the newspapers of murder had a terrible fascination for him. No matter what he was doing, if he heard a newsboy crying a murder he rushed out, bought the newspaper and devoured it.

One day he read of a very dreadful murder committed by a couple of ruffians in broad daylight, in the very heart of Paris. It made him sick to read it.

"It only shows that no one is safe anywhere if another man is after his blood—and two are after mine," thought poor Pumpkin.

This last instance had a bad effect on his nerves—and it became daily harder for him to conceal his state of mind from Marie. One night, when he lay in bed, wide awake, his misery became so acute that he could scarcely keep from groaning aloud. Toward daylight he arose, dressed himself, and, kissing his sleeping wife, crept softly down the long stairs and went out. It was a gray January morning, and the street lamps were still alight, although the day was breaking. The great city was still asleep. Pumpkin wandered along, scarcely knowing where he went, until suddenly he found himself in the midst of a crowd, surging against ropes which inclosed an open space, in which there was a Thing—called the Widow by some, the Maiden by others, and dreadful by any name. The shock of seeing it recalled poor Pumpkin's miserable, distraught mind. People were pushing and crowding him. They chatted about the coming execution—it was that of the two men who had committed the murder which had so preyed upon Pumpkin's mind. He tried to get out of the crowd, and avoided looking at the Thing, standing black and hideous against the pale, cold sky of a wintry dawn. But a sudden movement and commotion made him turn involuntarily. In the open space shuffled along the condemned men, with a priest on each side, with *gens d'armes* before them and behind them—and they were Pelot and Bonchard. The sight of condemned men on the way to execution is not calculated to fill a man's heart with joy. Yet, such it was with poor Pumpkin. He got one look at their villainous faces, and then his heart gave a great throb of rapture. He whirled around and fought his way out of the crowd, the coarse mob jeering at him.

"There goes a fellow with no nerve at all," they cried. But Pumpkin did not hear them. He ran and ran until he was exhausted, and sank, or rather fell, on the steps of a church. A few persons were going in—he could see two little candles twinkling on the main altar, far, far off in the gloom of the great interior, as the huge baize doors swung back and forth noiselessly. He crept into the church as soon as he was able, and finding a dark corner, far out of sight and hearing, burst into hysterical sobbing and crying. And then, being a very simple fellow, without much notion of ethics and morals outside his own heart, he fell on his knees and thanked God that Pelot and Bonchard were dead, and that he and Captain Dufour were saved. It was very primitive, not to say impious, but Pumpkin was a very primitive man, though far from impious.

After a while, when he had grown quieter, the beadle came along and prodded him with a long staff, because he had sprawled himself all over the steps of a side altar, and was very much in the way of worshipers who were assembling. Pumpkin arose, grinning, and ran home with a heart overflowing with gladness. Marie met him with a pale face. He had been gone for hours, and his strange flight had alarmed her. Pumpkin took her in his arms and told her the whole story, and at that very moment Captain Dufour was telling the same story to his young wife, and she was sobbing on his shoulder. And all four thanked God very fervently for having called Pelot and Bonchard to their account—which was very human, and just what any one else would have done.

A SAILOR'S LOG By Robley D. Evans

(Continued from Page 8)

for handling men in my perfectly helpless condition. No language of man can convey any idea of the quantity and variety of vermin in that hospital). I have lived my whole life in hopes that it would burn down and that I might be there to see the slaughter!

The Funny Nursing at the Hospital

When it was discovered that I had fever I was placed in a room with two other officers—Paymaster Schenck, who had been wounded in the first fight at Fort Fisher, and a volunteer lieutenant named Vassallo, who had been literally peppered in the same fight by the bursting of a Parrott gun which he was firing. Schenck, who was the jolliest, best soul in the world, kept us amused with his stories, and read to us or wrote letters for us when we were unable to do so for ourselves. Erysipelas soon developed in my right leg from the attendant using a dirty sponge, and then came an abscess in the right knee. In the meantime bed sores added to my misery, and all the bones on my right side, hip, knee and ankle came through the skin. In fact, I was a skeleton, and nothing more. For nurse we had a fine, big chap named Milligan, an enlisted man, who had been wounded and was convalescent. He was six feet tall, as strong as an ox, and scrupulously honest, but he knew nothing about nursing. Milligan had a pass-book, and every third day he would go to Norfolk and buy things for us, generally sugar and coffee and whiskey. At five o'clock in the morning he would turn out and make a pot of strong coffee, and each patient would have a cup of it with enough whiskey put in to make it bite. Then we would smoke a cigar or two and be ready for what breakfast we could get. Looking back at it now, the wonder is that any of us got well.

After a time Schenck recovered from his compound fracture and went home, and later, Vassallo went also. Then I was left alone to watch the trees grow outside my window. As spring advanced into summer one branch spread out and almost covered it. I amused myself by drawing this branch each day when I was strong enough to do it. Often I was too weak to lift my hand, much less use a pencil. Several times the doctors gave me up, and though they never told me so, I knew when they thought I was going to die by the appearance of the chaplain, who never hesitated to tell me that I was dying, and also just where I was going to bring up after I was dead. Fortunately, I did not believe either of his statements. One of them was clearly wrong, and the other has yet to be decided.

The Powhatan came to Norfolk early in February, and I then heard for the first time an accurate account of our losses in the Fort Fisher fight. All the officers from our ship had been wounded, and out of the sixty-two men in my company fifty-four had been either

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killed or wounded. The naval brigade as a whole had been fearfully punished, but we did what was expected of us—drew the garrison away from the point selected by General Terry for his assault, thereby aiding the army to get in.

A Slow and Painful Convalescence

Early in June my wounds had healed, and I made up my mind to get away from the hospital if I could. I told Milligan, who was a carpenter by trade, to go to the carpenter shop and make me a stretcher narrow enough to go in the aisle of a car, and to use a hammock to cover it. When he had done it he managed to get me on the stretcher and cover me with a sheet. Then I sent for the surgeon in charge, who was so surprised that he fell in with my plan and allowed me to go, or rather to be taken, to the Bay Line steamer for Baltimore. In fact, he sent Milligan with me to take care of me until I reached my home, which was then in Philadelphia. At Baltimore they carried me to the train, but the sergeant in charge of the squad concluded that I could go more comfortably by boat through the canal, so took me there and saw me snugly berthed before he left me. When we arrived at Philadelphia my uncle, who had returned from the South, met me with a fireman's ambulance, and I was soon comfortably housed and cared for by loving hands.

My convalescence was slow and very tedious. My right leg had been allowed to contract to such an extent that I could not get my foot to the ground, and the tendons of my left leg had healed into the wound in that leg and seemed very much too short. When I stood on my left foot my heel would not come to the ground, and when I tried to force it down the pain in the calf of my leg was very severe. However, I stuck to it, and after a few months the leg worked fairly well, and I went to duty at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, where I remained only a short time, when I was ordered to ordnance duty at the Washington Yard.

Promotion Without Any Political Pull

The desire to get back to sea duty was very strong, but my condition absolutely forbade it. I could not use my right leg, and I was compelled to walk with crutches. The idea came to me that my right knee could be broken over, and my leg set at such an angle that I could walk on it. I went again to Philadelphia and consulted Dr. Samuel Gross, who made me very happy by saying that he would undertake the job. I was soon under chloroform, and the operation successfully done. An instrument was put on my leg by which it was hoped that the motion of my knee might be restored, and I was cautioned to work it every day for that purpose. It caused me great pain, and after torturing myself with it for a year and a half, without any benefit, I buried the instrument in the Indian Ocean. The question of my promotion now came up, and the Medical Board promptly had me placed on the retired list, on the ground that I could not perform all my duties at sea. There was nothing for it but to go to Congress for relief, which I did. Being the only officer in the navy retired for wounds received in battle, I was put back on the active list, and shortly afterward advanced some thirty numbers, in company with three other classmates. This advancement was the result of being selected by a Board of Admirals, no one of whom I knew; nor did I know a single member of Congress, Senator or Representative at the time, yet my promotion caused me no end of trouble. I have always supposed that it was made purely on my record, as I knew nothing about it until I was sent for at the Navy Department and there told of it. The following extract from the report of Lieutenant-Commander James Parker, who was the senior officer on shore in the attack on Fort Fisher, was a matter of pride to me as a young officer, and is of interest in this connection:

"Acting Ensign (Regular) R. D. Evans was wounded in the leg just after reaching the end of the palisade; he bound up the wound with his handkerchief, and then pressed on until he fell with a second wound in the knee joint.

"From all I can learn, his bravery and determination to enter the fort were equaled by few and excelled by none.

"He now lies in a critical state at the Naval Hospital, Norfolk."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of reminiscent papers dealing with active service in the United States Navy.

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THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE AND HARNESS CO.

P. O. Box 772, Columbus, Ohio

How to Tell the Wildflowers

By

Carolyn Wells

The Saratoga Trunk

THE Saratoga Trunk I find
To be the largest of its kind.
'Tis old and hollow, and perhaps
That's why it's fastened 'round with straps;
But look inside—it seems to be
The trunk of some old family tree.

The Hat Tree

THE curious Hat Tree has no roots,
But often it hangs full of fruits;
Broad-leafed varieties are seen:
They're black or yellow, white or green;
And sometimes the strange fruits it grants
Of umbrella trees or rubber-plants.

Gold Carats

GOLD Carats in the West are found,
They are dug up from good, rich ground,
Yellow, and fine, by all they're sought,
And in the market may be bought.
On rich men's tables they are placed,
Though many question their good taste.

Wild Oats

WILD Oats are sown by many a fop,
Who is dismayed to see the crop.
He goes to threshing with a vim,
(The threshing should be given to him!)
Alas! the oats he can't remove—
A food for nightmares oft they prove.

Widow's Weeds

A CROP of Widow's Weeds, they say,
May spring up in a single day.
If watered with a rain of tears
The crop will sometimes last for years;
But Time may mow them down apace
And orange-blossoms take their place.

The Society Bud

A HOUSE-PLANT;—in a heated room
This little bud is forced to bloom:
'Tis young and small and somewhat green.
Close to the parent stem 'tis seen.
And if it ventures but to speak,
A blush comes to its soft, pink cheek.

REGAL SHOES $3.50

ALL hides look alike to the uninitiated, but there is really a big difference in leather. The leather called KING CALF is recognized as the best. It is the softest and most durable leather in the market. It is the standard which all dealers attempt to equal. The entire output of KING CALF is controlled by the manufacturers of Regal Shoes. It cannot be obtained in any other make of shoes. Other shoe makers and manufacturers have for years metaphorically "torn their hair" in unsuccessful attempts to imitate this leather. KING CALF makes shoes strong. It makes them soft and pliable. It makes them last longer and wear better and feel more comfortable than other shoe leather. It lessens your foot troubles and helps you to save money. We have duplicates of the latest styles made by the highest-priced custom dealers in this country. Call at one of our stores, or send for our catalogue.

We have catalogues of both our Men's and Women's shoes. They illustrate and describe the 1901 Spring Styles, also give complete instructions for ordering by mail.

CATALOGUES WILL BE SENT POST-PAID ON APPLICATION. Whether or not you order shoes you need our catalogue to keep posted on the latest correct styles.

Catalogue *M* (Men's Shoes). Catalogue *W* (Women's Shoes). Regal Shoes are delivered through our Mail Order Department, carriage charges prepaid to any address in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Germany, also within the limits of the Parcels Post System, on receipt of $3.75 per pair (the extra 25c. is for delivery). Samples of leather and any information desired will be gladly furnished on request.

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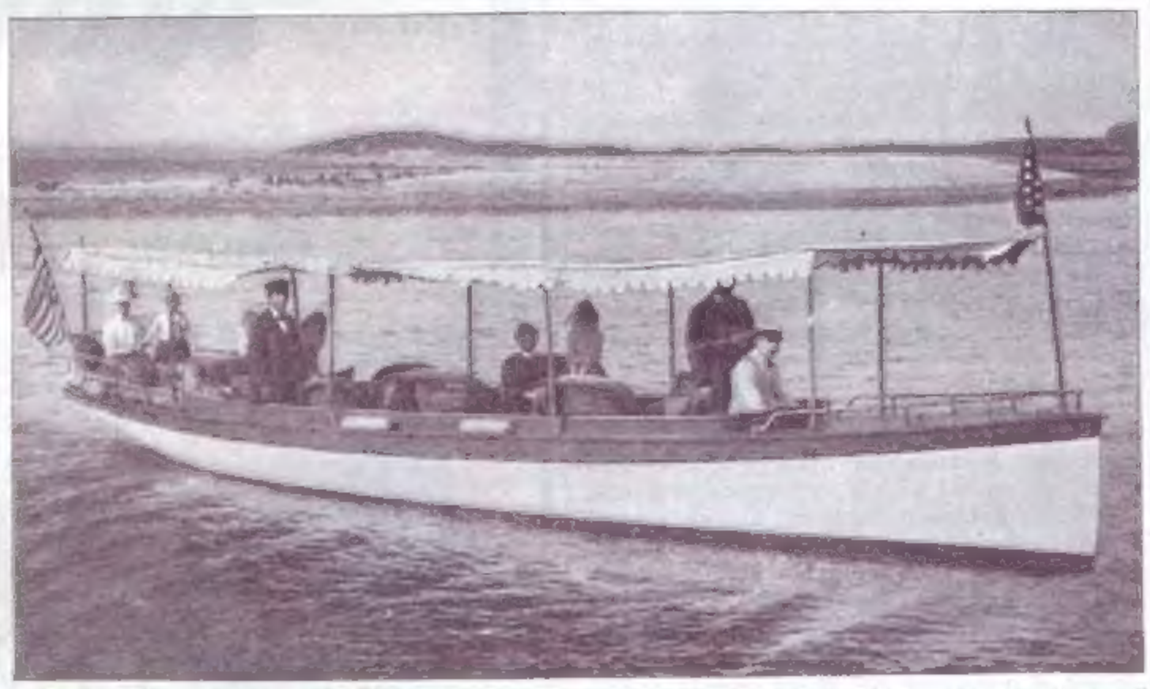
Women's Stores—109 Summer St., Boston, Mass.; 1218 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; 125th St. and 7th Ave., New York.



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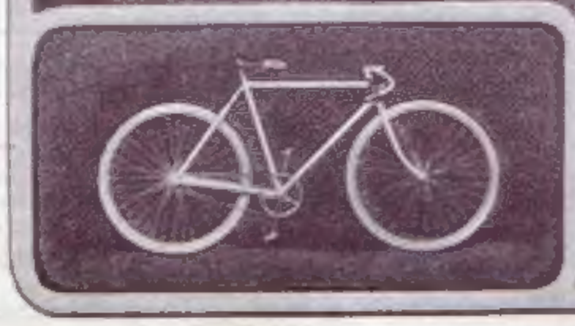

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